

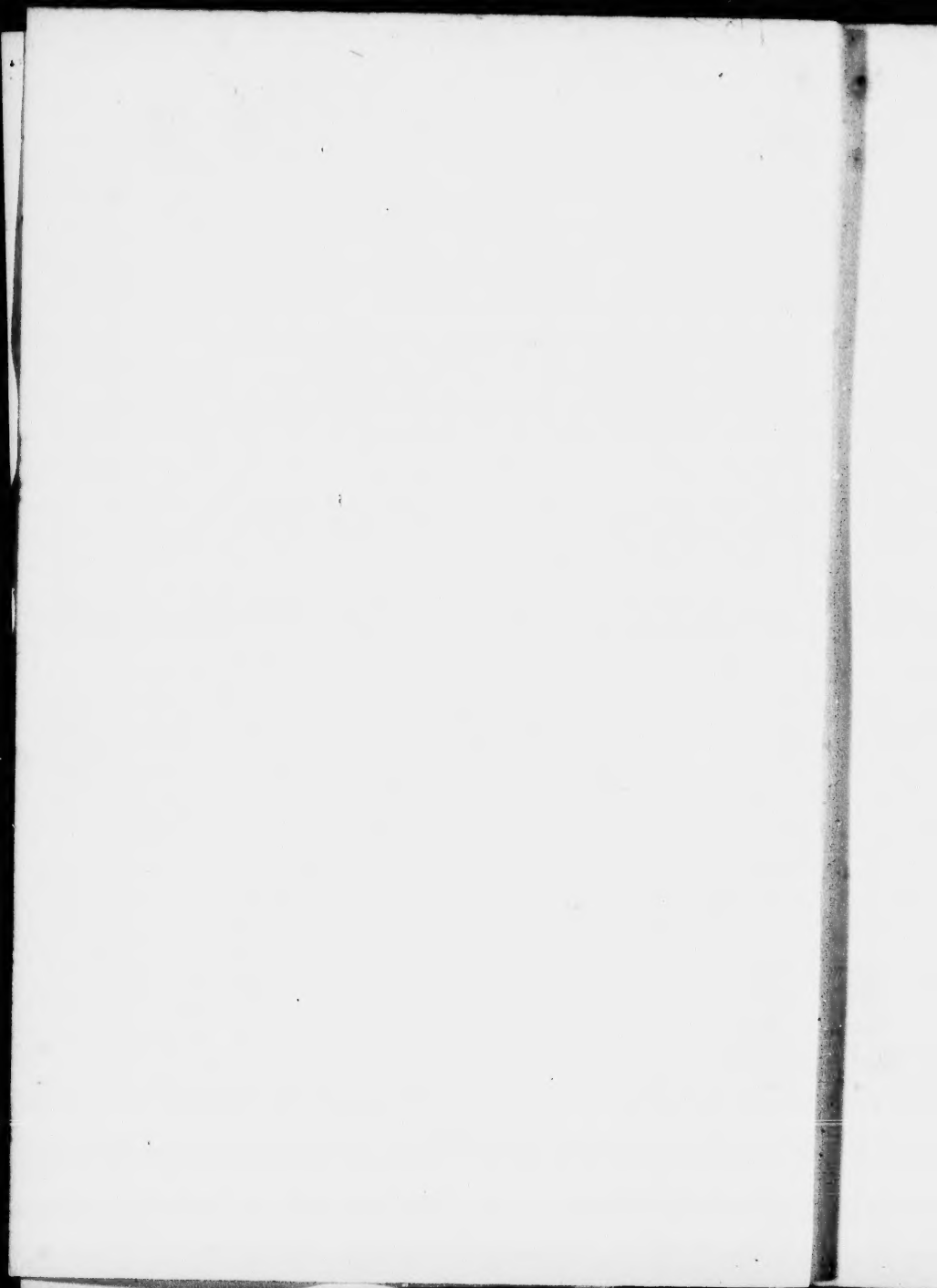
J. C. Jewell

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STREAMLETS OF SONG FOR
THE YOUNG.



STREAMLETS OF SONG

FOR THE YOUNG.

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

COLLECTED BY HER SISTER,

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PREFACE.

IN the happy days that have passed away, I asked my dear sister, Frances Ridley Havergal, to make up a volume of her most simple poems for the dear little ones growing up around us. She at once promised to do so, but from the many claims on her time was never able to carry out the idea.

I have therefore now made a selection, and believe that these "Streamlets of Song" will afford pleasure and profit to many young readers. Pure and sparkling as the mountain rills, or calm and reviving as the brooks of the valley, they tend to show how the lambs of the flock may be invigorated on the hills of God, or be refreshed in the green pastures of spiritual teaching, while still enjoying the innocent playfulness of childhood, and the bright imaginings of youth.

J. MIRIAM CRANE.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

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STREAMLETS OF SONG

FOR THE YOUNG.



The Song of a Summer Stream.

A FEW months ago
I was singing through the snow,
Though the dead brown boughs gave no hope of summer
shoots,

And my persevering fall
Seemed to be no use at all,
For the hard, hard frost would not let me reach the roots.

Then the mists hung chill
All along the wooded hill,
And the cold, sad fog through my lonely dingles crept ;
I was glad I had no power
To awake one tender flower
To a sure, swift doom ! I would rather that it slept.

12 *STREAMLETS OF SONG FOR THE YOUNG.*

Still I sang all alone
In the sweet old summer tone,
For the strong white ice could not hush me for a day ;
Though no other voice was heard
But the bitter breeze that whirled
Past the gaunt grey trunks on its wild and angry way.

So the dim days sped,
While everything seemed dead,
And my own poor flow seemed the only living sign ;
And the keen stars shone
When the freezing night came on,
From the far, far heights, all so cold and crystalline.

A few months ago
I was singing through the snow !
But now the blessed sunshine is filling all the land,
And the memories are lost
Of the winter fog and frost,
In the presence of the Summer with her full and glowing hand.

Now the woodlark comes to drink
At my cool and pearly brink,
And the ladyfern is bending to kiss my rainbow foam ;
And the wild-rose buds entwine
With the dark-leaved bramble vine,
And the centuried oak is green round the bright-eyed
squirrel's home.

THE SONG OF A SUMMER STREAM.

13

O the full and glad content
That my little song is blent
With the all-melodious mingling of the choristers around !
I no longer sing alone
Through a chill surrounding moan,
For the very air is trembling with its wealth of summer
sound.

Though the hope seemed long deferred,
Ere the south wind's whisper heard
Gave a promise of the passing of the weary winter days,
Yet the blessing was secure,
For the summer time was sure
When the lonely songs are gathered in the mighty
choir of praise.

Flowers.

Buds and bells ! Sweet April pleasures,
Springing all around,
White and gold and crimson treasures,
From the cold unlovely ground !
He who gave them grace and hue
Made the little children too !

When the weary little flowers
Close their starry eyes,
By the dark and dewy hours
Strength and freshness God supplies.
He who sends the gentle dew
Cares for little children too.

Then He gives the pleasant weather,
Sunshine warm and free,
Making all things glad together,
Kind to them and kind to me.
Lovely flowers ! He loveth you,
And the little children too !

Though we cannot hear you singing
Softly chiming lays,
Surely God can see you bringing
Silent songs of wordless praise !
Hears your anthem, sweet and true,
Hears the little children too.

My Little Tree.

THEY tell me that my little tree
Is only just my age, but see,
Already ripe and rosy fruit
Is peeping under every shoot !
How little have I brought,
But withered leaves of foolish thought ;
And angry words like thorn,
How many have I borne !

No fruit my little tree can bring
Without the gentle rain of spring ;
Nor could it ever ripen one,
Without the glowing summer sun :
O Father ! shed on me
Thy Holy Spirit from above,
That I may bring to Thee
The golden fruit of love.

Let sunshine of Thy grace increase
The pleasant fruit of joy and peace,
With purple bloom of gentleness,
That most of all my home may bless ;
While faith and goodness meet
In ruby ripeness rich and sweet ;
Let these in me be found,
And evermore abound.

The Bower.

WILL you come out and see
My pretty bower with me,
My sweet little house that lilac boughs have made ;
With windows up on high,
Through which I see the sky,
And look up to Him who made the pleasant shade ?

The sunbeams come and go
So brightly too and fro,
Like angels of light, too dazzling to be seen !
They weave a curtain fair
About my doorway there,
And paint all my walls with shining gold and green

I have sweet music too,
And lovely songs for you,
To hear in my house among the lilac leaves ;
For breezes softly play,
And robins sing all day ;
I think this is praise that God on high receives.

The Moon.

"The moon walking in brightness."—JOB xxxi. 26.

Not long ago the moon was dark,
No light she gave or gained;
She did not look upon the sun,
So all her glory waned.
Now through the sky so broad and high,
In robe of shining whiteness,
Among the solemn stars of God,
She walks in brightness.

Look up to Him who is the Sun,
The true and Only Light,
And seek the glory of His face,
His smile so dear and bright.
Then making gladness all around,
By gentleness and rightness,
You too shall shine with light divine,
And walk in brightness.

Stars.

THE golden glow is paling
Between the cloudy bars ;
I'm watching in the twilight
To see the little stars.
I wish that they would sing to-night
Their song of long ago ; *
If we were only nearer them,
What might we hear and know !

Are they the eyes of Angels,
That always wake to keep
A loving watch above us,
While we are fast asleep ?
Or are they lamps that God has lit
From His own glorious light,
To guide the little children's souls
Whom He will call to-night ?

We hardly see them twinkle
In any summer night,
But in the winter evenings
They sparkle clear and bright.

* "When the morning stars sang together."—JOB xxxviii. 7

STARS.

19

Is this to tell the little ones,
So hungry, cold, and sad,
That there's a shining home for them
Where all is warm and glad?

More beautiful and glorious,
And never cold and far,
Is He who always loves them,
The Bright and Morning Star.
I wish those little children knew
That holy, happy light!
Lord Jesus, shine on them, I pray,
And make them glad to-night.

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Who will take Care of Me?

WHO will take care of me? darling, you say!
Lovingly, tenderly watched as you are!
Listen! I give you the answer to-day,
ONE who is never forgetful or far!

He will take care of you! all through the day,
Jesus is near you to keep you from ill;
Walking or resting, at lessons or play,
Jesus is with you and watching you still.

He will take care of you! all through the night,
Jesus, the Shepherd, His little one keeps;
Darkness to Him is the same as the light;
He never slumbers and He never sleeps.

He will take care of you! all through the year,
Crowning each day with His kindness and love,
Sending you blessing and shielding from fear,
Leading you on to the bright home above.

He will take care of you! yes, to the end!
Nothing can alter His love to His own.
Darling, be glad that you have such a Friend,
He will not leave you one moment alone!

Trust.

SADLY bend the flowers,
 In the heavy rain ;
 After beating showers,
 Sunbeams come again.
 Little birds are silent
 All the dark night through ;
 When the morning dawneth,
 Their songs are sweet and new.

When a sudden sorrow
 Comes like cloud and night,
 Wait for God's to-morrow ;
 All will then be bright.
 Only wait and trust Him
 Just a little while ;
 After evening teardrops
 Shall come the morning smile.

Sunday Bells.

O SWEET Sabbath bells !
A message of musical chiming
Ye bring us from God, and we know what you say ;
Now rising, now falling,
So tunelessly calling
His children to seek Him, and praise Him to-day.

The day we love best !
The brightest and best of the seven,
The pearl of the week, and the light of our way ;
We hold it a treasure,
And count it a pleasure,
To welcome its dawning and praise Him to-day.

O sweet Sabbath rest !
The gift of our Father in heaven ;
A herald sent down from the home far away,
With peace for the weary,
And joy for the dreary ;
Then, oh ! let us thank Him, and praise Him to-day.

Rejoice and be glad !
'Tis the day of our Saviour and Brother,
The Life that is risen, the Truth and the Way ;
Salvation He brought us,
When wand'ring He sought us,
With blood He hath bought us ; then praise Him to-day !

A Prayer.

LORD, in mercy pardon me
All that I this day have done :
Sins of every kind 'gainst Thee,
O forgive them through Thy Son.

Make me, Jesus, like to Thee,
Gentle, holy, meek, and mild,
My transgressions pardon me,
O forgive a sinful child.

Gracious Spirit, listen Thou,
Enter in my willing heart,
Enter and possess it now,
Never, Lord, from me depart.

O eternal Three in One,
Condescend to bend Thine ear ;
Help me still towards heaven to run,
Answer now my humble prayer.

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Prayer before Church.

LORD, I am in Thy house of prayer,
Oh, teach me rightly how to pray ;
Incline to me Thy gracious ear,
And listen, Lord, to what I say.

Give me, O Lord, a praying heart,
And also an attentive ear ;
Help me to choose the better part,
And teach me Thee to love and fear.

Evening Prayer.

Now the light has gone away,
Saviour, listen while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day,
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee ;
Oh, bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above.

Now my evening praise I give ;
Thou didst die that I might live,
All my blessings come from Thee ;
Oh, how good Thou art to me !

Thou, my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end !
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before !

Thy Kingdom Come.

God of heaven! hear our singing :
Only little ones are we,
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest ;
Let all know Thee, and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blessed !

Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be Thine alone !
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own.

Auntie's Lessons.

THEY said their texts, and their hymns they sang,
On that sunny Sabbath day ;
And yet there was time ere the church bell rang,
So I bid them trot away,
And leave me to rest and read alone
Where the ash tree's shade o'er the lawn was thrown.

But oh ! 'twas a cry and a pleading sore,
"Oh, Auntie ! we will not tease,
But tell us one Sunday story more ;
We will sit so still on the grassy floor.
Tell us the one you told before
Of little black Mumu, please !
Whom, deaf and dumb, and sick and lone,
The good ship brought to Sierra Leone."

Willie begged loud, and Francie low,
And Alice, who could resist her ?
Certainly not myself, and so
The story was just beginning, when lo !
To the rescue came my sister.
"I will tell you a story to-day ;
Aunt Fanny has all her own lessons to say."

Wonderful notion, and not at all clear !

Alfred looked quite astounded.

Who in the world *my* lessons could hear ?

They guessed at every one far and near,

'Twas a mystery unbounded.

They settled at last that it must be

Grandpapa Havergal over the sea.

Then merry eyes grew grave and wise,

On tiptoe Alice trod ;

She had a better thought than they,

And whispered low, " Does Auntie say

Her lessons all to God ? "

How little the import deep she knew

Of those baby-words, so sweet and true !

Little she knew what they enfold !—

A treasure of happy thought ;

A tiny casket of virgin gold,

With jewels of comfort fraught.

Great men's wisdom may pass away,

Dear Alice's words in my heart will stay.

Ethelbert's "Coming Home in the Dark."

DID I tell you how we went to tea,
All by ourselves, with kind Mrs. B. ?
And how we came home in the dark so late,
I think it was nearly half-past eight !
We liked the tea, and all the rest,
But coming home in the dark was best,—
Best of all ! oh, it *was* such fun,
The nicest thing we have ever done.
Nurse took Willie, and Bertha took me,—
Bertha is such a great girl, you see ;
She sometimes says to us, " Now, little boys,
Don't you make such a dreadful noise,
You will wake little Sybil with all your riot ! "
And then we have to be—oh, so quiet !
She is nearly eight, and ever so tall ;
But Willie and I are not very small ;
We are six years old, and our birthdays came
Both on one day, the very same.
So people say we are little twins,
And as much alike as two little pins.
And Papa likes having a pair of boys,
Although we make such a dreadful noise ;
" Much more amusing," we heard him say,
" Than a couple of odd ones any day ! "

It was only so very dark down below
 Along the lane where the blackberries grow,
 For the little Stars were out in the sky,
 And we laughed to see them, Willie and I,
 For they twinkled away, so quick and bright,
 I think they were laughing at us that night.
 And one or two of them tried to peep ;
 But very soon they were all asleep,
 For the Wind kept singing their lullaby,
 And we felt quite vexed with him, Willie and I.
 I think the Moon asked if she might not stay,
 To light us a little bit more of the way,
 But he whistled quite loud, and we thought he said,
 "No, no, no, you must go to bed !"
 The good little Moon did what she was bid,
 And under the curtains her pretty face hid ;
 A bright one got up from behind a tree,
 And peeped at Bertha and Willie and me ;
 And round the corner we saw another
 Playing at hide-and-seek with his brother,
 Popping out from a cloud, and then
 Running behind it to hide again.
 And then the kind little Moon came out
 To take care of the Stars as they played about ;
 She looked so quiet and good, we thought
 That perhaps they went to her school to be taught,
 And to learn from her how to shine so bright ;
 But Grandmamma told us we did not guess right,
 For the Moon goes to school herself to the Sun :
 Do you think she meant it only in fun ?

Then all of a sudden the Wind ran by,
And flew up to kiss the Stars in the sky ;
He tucked them up, and said good-night,
And drew the curtain round them tight.
That was a great dark cloud, you see,
That hid the Stars from Willie and me.
I think they were sorry to go to bed,
For they did not look tired at all, we said ;
And one or two of them tried to peep ;
But very soon they were all asleep,
For the Wind kept singing their lullaby,
And we felt quite vexed with him, Willie and I.

I think the Moon asked if she might not stay
To light us a little bit more of the way,
But he whistled quite loud, and we thought he
said,

"No, no, no ! you must go to bed !"
The good little Moon did what she was bid,
And under the curtains her pretty face hid ;
And then it got darker and darker still ;
Nurse said she was setting behind the hill.
So perhaps she was tired, and glad to go ;
It's a long way across the sky, you know.

We were not afraid, but we did not talk
As we came along the avenue walk ;
And we did not *quite* like looking back,
For the pretty green trees were all quite black.
But I whispered to Willie that God was there,
And we need not be frightened, for He would
take care.

And then all at once we saw the light
 In the dining-room window, ever so bright ;
 And up we came through the little gate,—
 Oh, it *was* so nice to come home so late !
 And then we gave a famous shout,
 For dear Mamma herself came out
 To meet us, just as we got to the door ;
 But she had not expected us home before.
 And then we took it by turns to talk,
 And tell them about the tea and the walk ;
 And Papa *did* laugh so,—we wondered why !
 At what we told him, Willie and I.

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Loving Messages for the Little Ones.

EVERY little flower that grows,
Every little grassy blade,
Every little dewdrop, shows
Jesus cares for all He made ;
Jesus loves, and Jesus knows !
So you need not be afraid !



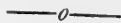
FAIR the blossoms opening early !
For the dew
Fell upon them, cool and pearly,
Brightening every hue.
Like a little thirsty flower,
Lift your face,
Seek the gentle, holy shower
Of the Spirit's grace.



GRACE and glory ! They are yours
Through the Saviour's dying love ;
For His own sweet word endures
Longer than the stars above.
It shall never pass away,
So trust His living love to-day.

34 *STREAMLETS OF SONG FOR THE YOUNG.*

HAVE you not a song for Jesus ?
All the little buds and flowers,
All the merry birds and breezes,
All the sunbeams and the showers,
Praise Him in their own sweet way !
What have you to sing to-day ?
Bring your happiest songs, and sing
For your Saviour and your King.



OPENING flowers I send to you
With a message sweet and true.
They may fade, but Jesus lives,
Peace and grace and joy He gives.
Come to Him, and you will know
What He waiteth to bestow.

The Dying Sister.

DARLING boy,
Sister's joy,
With your loving smile,
Kiss me now,
On my brow,
Stay with me awhile !
He who has lovèd me,
He whom I longed to see,
Calls me away ;
I must not stay.

He is near,
True and dear,
Darling, do not cry !
Jesus too
Loveth you,
Loves you more than I.
Kneel by my pillow here,
Tell Him the sorrow, dear ;
He is so kind,
This you will find.

Angels bright,
 Robed in light,
 In that happy home,
 Singing wait
 At the gate,
 Till He bids me come.
 Soon, brother, I shall see
 Him who has died for me ;
 I am so glad,
 Yet you are sad.

Hymn and prayer
 We did share,
 Many an evening past ;
 Jesus heard
 Every word,
 This may be the last.
 Ere next the light grows dim,
 I may be there with Him,
 Praising Him too,
 Waiting for you !

Begin at Once.

BAND OF HOPE SONG.

BEGIN at once! In the pleasant days,
While we are all together,
While we can join in prayer and praise,
While we can meet for healthful plays,
In the glow of summer weather.
Begin at once, with heart and hand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

Begin at once! For we do not know
What may befall to-morrow!
Many a tempter, many a foe
Lieth in wait where'er you go,
With the snare that leads to sorrow.
Begin at once! nor doubting stand,
But swell the ranks of our happy band.

Begin at once! 'There is much to do;
Oh, do not wait for others!
Join us to-day!—be brave and true;
Join us to-day!—there's room for you,
And a welcome from your brothers.
Begin at once! for the work is grand
That God has given to our happy band.

Begin at once ! In the strength of God,
For that will never fail you ;
Under His banner, bright and broad,
You shall be safe from fear and fraud,
And from all that can assail you.
Begin at once—with resolute stand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

A Happy New Year.

A HAPPY New Year ! Oh, such may it be !
Joyously, surely, and fully for thee !
Fear not and faint not, but be of good cheer,
And trustfully enter thy Happy New Year !

Happy, so happy ! Thy Father shall guide,
Protect thee, preserve thee, and always provide !
Onward and upward along the right way
Lovingly leading thee day by day.

Happy, so happy ! Thy Saviour shall be
Ever more precious and present with thee !
Happy, so happy ! His Spirit thy Guest,
Filling with glory the place of His rest.

Happy, so happy ! Though shadows around
May gather and darken, they flee at the sound
Of the glorious Voice, that saith, " Be of good cheer !"
Then joyously enter Thy Happy New Year !

New Year Hymn.

JESUS, blessed Saviour,
Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving,
Songs of holy praise.
O how kind and gracious
Thou hast always been !
O how many blessings
Every day has seen !
Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Now our praises hear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.

Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell !
All our sins (so many !),
Saviour, Thou dost know ;
In Thy blood most precious,
Wash us white as snow.
Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear,
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us
As we onward go.
So we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward,
To the Better Land.
Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Keep us ever near,
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone.
Let each day, each moment,
Of this glad New Year,
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.
Then, O blessed Saviour,
Never need we fear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New Year!

Candlemas Day.

YES, take the greenery away
That smiled to welcome Christmas Day,
Untwine the drooping ivy spray.

The holly leaves are dusty all,
Whose glossy darkness robed the wall,
And one by one the berries fall.

Take down the yew, for with a touch
The leaflets drop, as wearied much
With light and song, unused to such.

Poor evergreens ! Why proudly claim
The glory of your lovely name,
So soon meet only for the flame ?

Another Christmas Day will show
Another green and scarlet glow,
A fresh array of mistletoe.

And this new beauty, arch or crown,
Will stiffen, gather dust, grow brown,
And in its turn be taken down.

To-night the walls will seem so bare !
Ah, well ! look out, look up, for there
The Christmas stars are always fair.

They will be shining just as clear
Another and another year,
O'er all our darkened hemisphere.

So Christmas mirth has fled fast,
The songs of time can never last,
And all is buried with the past.

But Christmas love and joy and peace,
Shall never fade and never cease,
Of God's goodwill the rich increase.

May Day.

O HASTE, O haste to the fields away !
For dawneth now the month of May ;
O leave the city's crowded street,
And haste ye now sweet May to greet.

For May is come on fairy wings,
And thousand beauties with her brings ;
The fairest month of all the year,
Oh, well can she the sad heart cheer.

Nature her jewelry displays,
Unfolds her gems to meet our gaze ;
Bright leaves and buds of *emerald* hue,
Forget-me-nots of *turquoise* blue.

The *pearly* lily's drooping bells,
Listen ! a tale it sweetly tells :
" If God so clothe the lilies fair,
Much more may ye trust in His care."

The *sapphire* gentianella bright,
The shining king-cup's golden light,
Carnation's *ruby* hues behold,
And *silvery* daisy set with *gold*.

Of these we'll twine a garland gay,
Meet for the brow of beauteous May ;
And see, they gain a brighter hue
By glittering drops of *diamond* dew.

Now hark ! what sound so sweetly floats
Upon the breeze ? The cuckoo's notes,
How far they come to welcome May,
And pour for us the simple lay.

The Dawn of May.

COME away, come away, in the dawn of May,
When the dew is sparkling bright ;
When the woods are seen
All in golden green
In the crystal, crystal light.
The sweet perfume of violet bloom,
And hawthorn fragrance rare,
From the cool mossy shade,
Or the warm sunny glade,
Is filling all the air.

Come away, come away, in the dawn of May,
When the lark and the white cloud meet ;
When the tuneful breeze,
In the old oak trees,
Is harping, harping sweet.
With joyous thrill and merry trill,
The thrush and blackbird vie,
As they chant loving lays,
And a full song of praise,
To the Lord of earth and sky.

Come away, come away, in the dawn of May,
In the pearly morning-time,
When the cowslips spring,
And the blue-bells ring
Their fairy, fairy chime.
With happy song, we march along,
And carol on our way,
One in heart, one in voice,
Let us all now rejoice
In the sunny dawn of May.

Ascension Song.

“He ascended up on high.”—*EPH. iv. 8.*

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King ;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die :
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

ASCENSION SONG.

49

Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace ;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you ;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

The Happiest Christmas Day.

SYBIL, my little one, come away,
I have a plan for Christmas Day :
Put on your hat, and trot with me,
A dear little suffering girl to see.

'Tis not very far, and there's plenty of time,
For the bells have not begun to chime ;
So, Sybil, over the sparkling snow,
To dear little Lizzie let us go.

Dear little Lizzie is ill and weak,
Only just able to smile and speak.
Yesterday morning I stood by her bed :
Now, shall I tell you what she said ?

"Christmas is coming to-morrow," said I.
"I shall be happy !" was Lizzie's reply ;
"Happy, *so* happy !" I wish you had heard
How sweetly and joyously rang that word.

"Dear little Lizzie, lying in pain,
With never a hope to be better again,
Lying so lonely, what will you do ?
Why will the day be so happy to you ?"

THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS DAY.

51

Lizzie looked up with a smile as bright
As if she were full of some new delight ;
And the sweet little lips just parted to say,
" I shall think of Jesus all Christmas day ! "

How would you like her to take the spray
Of red-berried holly I gave you to-day ?
And what if you gave her the pretty wreath too
That Bertha has made with ivy and yew ?

The green and the scarlet would brighten the gloom
Of dear little Lizzie's shady room ;
And, Sybil, I know she would like us to sing
A Christmas song of the new-born King.

Sybil, my little one, if we do,
It will help us to " think of Jesus too ; "
And Lizzie was right, for that is the way
To have the happiest Christmas Day.

The Angels' Song.

Now let us sing the Angels' Song,
That rang so sweet and clear,
When heavenly light and music fell
On earthly eye and ear.
To Him we sing, our Saviour King,
Who always deigns to hear :
"Glory to God ! and peace on earth."

He came to tell the Father's love,
His goodness, truth, and grace ;
To show the brightness of His smile,
The glory of His face ;
With His own light, so full and bright,
The shades of death to chase.
"Glory to God ! and peace on earth."

He came to bring the weary ones
True peace and perfect rest ;
To take away the guilt and sin
Which darkened and distressed ;
That great and small might hear His call,
And all in Him be blessed.
"Glory to God ! and peace on earth."

THE ANGELS' SONG.

53

He came to bring a glorious gift,
"Goodwill to men ;"—and why ?

Because He loved us, Jesus came

For us to live and die.

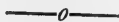
Then, sweet and long, the Angels' Song

Again we raise on high :

"Glory to God ! and peace on earth."

Christmas Sunshine.

Do the angels know the blessed day,
And strike their harps anew ?
Then may the echo of their lay
Float sweetly down to you,
And fill your soul with Christmas song
That your heart shall echo your whole life long.



JESUS came !—and came for me !
Simple words ! and yet expressing
Depths of holy mystery,
Depths of wondrous love and blessing.
Holy Spirit, make me see
All His coming means for me ;
Take the things of Christ, I pray,
Show them to my heart to-day.



OH, let thy heart make melody,
And thankful songs uplift,
For Christ Himself is come to be
The glorious Christmas gift.

Birthday Mottoes.

MAY the tale the years are telling,
Always be
Like an angel-anthem swelling
Through thy spirit's quiet dwelling,
Till the glory all-excelling
Dawn for thee.



MANY a happy year be thine,
If our Father will !
He has traced the fair design,
He will fill it, line by line,
Working patiently, until
Thy completed life shall shine,
Glorious in the life divine.



MANY and happy thy birthdays be !
In the light of heaven arrayed ;
With the rainbow arching every cloud
When the pathway lies in shade ;
And full and far may the blessing flow,
That thy future life is made.

Love would strew upon thy way
 Fairest, freshest flowers to-day ;
Love would daily, hourly shed
 Brightest sunbeams on thy head.
So she prays : that heavenly grace
 Be thy flower-awakening dew,
And the brightness of His face
 Gild thy life with sunshine true.

M. L. C.'s Birthday Crown.

ONLY just a line to say,
Miriam, on this summer day,
What my spirit's love would breathe,
While thy birthday crown I wreathe.

Crown ! How many a mingled thought
By that little word is brought !
Yet may each enlinkèd be
In a birthday wish for thee.

One who wears a crown should reign
Sovereign, over some domain ;
Held by thee, love's fairy sway
Still may every heart obey.

First we think of royal gems,
Coronets and diadems ;
'Twere an idle wish, I ween,
Be thou happy as a Queen !

To another crown we turn,
While our loving hearts would burn,
Worn by Him who on the tree,
Miriam, hath died for thee.

By that thorn-enwoven crown,
By the life for thee laid down,
May thy every fleeting year
Bring thee to His love more near !

Then the crown of golden light,
Worn by those who walk in white,
May that be thy blest reward
In the presence of thy Lord !

**To John Henry C— on his Third
Birthday.**

BLESSINGS on thee, darling boy,
Peace and love and gentle joy !
May the coronal they twine
Through the dream of life be thine !

Little hast thou known of life,
Of its sorrow, of its strife,
Thine not yet dark Future's blast,
Thine not yet a shadowy Past.

While we reck of coming years,
Strangely mingling hopes and fears,
What are sober thoughts to thee,
In the tide of birthday glee !

Thou art beautiful and bright,
Daily wakening new delight,
Would that we the prize could hold,
Always keep thee three years old !

No, not always ; thou may'st be
Something brighter yet to see,
Noble-hearted, lofty-souled,
When more years have o'er thee rolled.

Love is watching round thee now,
Tracing sunbeams on thy brow ;
Never be her mission done
To thy father's only son !

Yet a higher, deeper love
Watcheth o'er thee from above ;
Then thy fount of motive be
Love to Him who loveth thee.

Darling, may thy years below
Like a strain of music flow,
Ever sweeter, purer, higher,
Till it swell the angel choir.

Be thy life a star of light,
Glistening through earth's stormy night,
Shining then with glorious ray
Through the One Eternal Day.

Coming of Age.

WHAT do we seek for him to-day, who, through such
golden gates
Of mirth and gladness, enters now where life before him
waits?
'Mid light and flowers the feast is spread, and young and
old rejoice,
And motto texts speak out for all, with earnest, loving
voice.

The threefold blessing Israel heard three thousand years
ago,
O grant it may on him to-day in power and fulness
flow;
For, faithful and unchangeable, each word of God is sure,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away, His promises
endure.

The Angel of the Covenant, redeeming from all ill
Both son and father, bless the lad, and every prayer
fulfil;
Nor only bless, but make him, too, a blessing, Lord, from
Thee :
With length of days O satisfy ; let him Thy glory see.

Through all the journey of his life, Thy presence with
him go ;
Rest *in* Thee here, and *with* Thee there, do Thou, O
Lord, bestow.
O keep him faithful unto death, then grant to him, we
pray,
The crown of glory and of life, that fadeth not away.

So shall the father's soul be glad for him he holds so dear,
A son whose heart is truly wise in God's most holy fear ;
And hallowed be our festal joy with gratitude and praise ;
Forget not all His benefits, whose kindness crowns our
days.

Then glory in the highest be to Him, our Strength and
Song ;
May every heart uplift its part, in blessings deep and long.
Through Him who died that we might live, our thanks to
God ascend,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, our Saviour and our
Friend.

The Children's Triumph.

THE Sunbeams came to my window,
And said, "Come out and see
The sparkle on the river,
The blossom on the tree!"
But never a moment parleyed I
With the bright-haired Sunbeams' call!
Though their dazzling hands on the leaf they laid,
I drew it away to the curtain shade,
Where a sunbeam could not fall.

The Robins came to my window,
And said, "Come out and sing!
Come out and join the chorus
Of the festival of Spring!"
But never a carol would I trill
In the festival of May;
But I sat alone in my shadowy room,
And worked away in its quiet gloom,
And the Robins flew away.

The Children came to my window,
And said, "Come out and play!
Come out with us in the sunshine,
'Tis such a glorious day!"

Then never another word I wrote,
And my desk was put away !
When the Children called me, what could I do ?
The Robins might fail, and the Sunbeams too,
But the Children won the day !

Coming into the Shade.

Out in the midsummer sunshine,
Out in the golden light,
Merrily helping the gardener,
Ever so busy and bright,
With tiny barrow and rake and hoe,
Helena flitted to and fro.

But the midsummer sun rose higher
Over the flowery spot ;
"I must rest a little now," she said,
"I am so tired and hot.
O let me come to you and look
At the pictures in your beautiful book."

Why we should leave the sunny lawn
She did not understand,
But cheerily, trustfully, Helena laid
In mine her little brown hand,
And I led her away to a shady roo.n,
To rest in the coolness and the gloom.

For she could not have seen the pictures
Out in that dazzling light ;
The book was there with its colours fair,
But the sunshine was too bright.
But in the shade I could let her look
At the pictures in my beautiful book.

“I have never seen them before,” she said,
 “I am so glad I came !
 And the gardener will manage the flowers, I think,
 Without me, just the same !
 And I need not trouble at all, you know,
 About my barrow and rake and hoe.”

So page after page was gently turned,
 As I showed her one by one,
 And told her what the pictures meant,
 Till the beautiful book was done.
 And *then*—I shall not soon forget
 The loving kiss of my tiny pet.

And *now*—I shall not soon forget
 The lesson she had taught,
 How from the sunshine into the shade
 God's little ones are brought,
 That they may see what He could not show
 Among the flowers in the summer glow.

The Sunday Book.

READ to him, Connie, read as you sit,
Cosy and warm in the great arm-chair,
Let your hand press lovingly, lightly there,
Let the gentle touch of your sunny hair
Over his cheek like a soft breeze flit.

Read to him, Connie ! The house is still,
The week-day lessons, the week-day play,
And the week-day worries are hushed away
In the golden calm of the Holy Day ;
He will listen now if ever he will.

Read to him, Connie, read while you may !
For the years will pass, and he must go
Out in the cold world's treacherous flow,
Danger and trial and evil to know,—
He may drift in the dark, far, far away !

Now he is happy and safe in the nest,
Teach him to warble the songs of home,
Teach him to soar but never to roam,
Only to soar to a starry dome
Linking with heaven the hearts he loves best.

Read to him, Connie! Read what you love,
 Holy and sweet be your Sabbath choice;
 And the music that dwells in a sister's voice
 Shall lure him to listen while angels rejoice,
As the soft tones blend with the harps above.

Read to him, Connie! Read of the One
 Who loves him most, yes, more than you!
 Read of that love, so great, so true,
 Love everlasting, yet ever new;
For who can tell but his heart may be won!

Read to him, Connie! For it may be
 That your Sunday book, like a silver bar
 Of steady light from a guiding star,
 May gleam in memory, clear and far,
Across the waves of a wintry sea.

Baby's Turn.

TINY feet so busy in a tiny patter out of sight,
Little hands escaping from protecting doily white,
One in lifted eagerness, and one that grasps the baby
chair,—

All impatient ! Baby darling, must not sister have a share ?

Only just a moment, dearie ; coming, coming ! don't be
vexed !

Only just a moment, darling, then we'll see whose turn
is next !

Ah, she knows as well as we do ! Baby's turn is come
at last ;

Now the little mouth may open ; gently, gently, not too fast.

Baby's turn ! To-day 'tis only for the fruit so nice and
sweet,

But a far-away to-morrow hastens on with silent feet ;
When the yesterdays of life are clearest in our dimming
gaze,

Baby's vision will be filled with brightly realized to-days.

Baby's turn for fair unfolding in the sunny girlhood time,
For the blossom and the breezes, for the carol and the
chime ;

Baby's turn to wear the crown of womanhood upon her
brow,
Heavier but nobler than the fairy gold which glitters now.

Baby's turn to care for others, and to kiss away the tear,
For the joy of ministration to the suffering or the dear,
For the happiness of giving help and comfort, love and
life,
Whether walking all alone, or as a blessed and blessing
wife.

Baby's turn for this and more, if God should give her
length of days ;—
For the calmness of experience and the retrospect of
praise,
For the silver trace of sorrows glistening in the sunset ray,
For the evening stillness falling on the turmoil of the day.

What though Baby's turn may come for bitter griefs and
wearing fears !
Love shall lighten every trial—love that prays and love
that hears.
See ! she watches and she wonders till the reverie is o'er ;
Did she think she was forgotten ? Now 'tis Baby's turn
once more !

For Charity.

THE sun is burning ! O little maiden,
Thou hast sweet water, is it for me ?
I am so thirsty, so heavy-laden,
Give me cool water, for charity !
 Sparkling and gleaming,
 The crystal streaming
Seems but awaiting my only plea—
I am so thirsty, so heavy-laden,
Give me cool water, for charity !

O gentle maiden, I thirst no longer,
But sweeter waters thou hast for me.
Then pour them freely, from fountain stronger,
Sweet thoughts of kindness, for charity.
 The world is only
 A pathway lonely,
And hearts are waiting for sympathy ;
Then pour them freely, from fountain stronger,
Sweet thoughts of kindness, for charity !

O little maiden, 'tis thine to brighten,
Like sparkling waters, life's lonely lea ;
All grief to soften, all joy to heighten
With love and gladness, for charity !

 Thus onward flowing,
 All good bestowing,
A stream of blessing thy life shall be,
All grief to brighten, all joy to heighten
With love and gladness, for charity !

Severn Song.

THE Severn flow is soft and fair, as slowly
The light grows dim ;
The sunset glow is soft and full, and holy
As evening hymn.
We float along beneath the forest darkling,
Blending with song the silence of the hour :
We swiftly glide where rapids bright and sparkling
Bear us beside the ruddy rock and tower.
O softly, softly row in measured time,
While nearer, nearer swells the curfew chime.
Now, now again adown the current shooting,
New joy we hail ;
While through the forest thrills the fairy ringing
Of nightingale.
O sweeter and sweeter that hidden lay,
That in the twilight dies away.
Then merrily onward ! O merrily row !
And smoothly swift, O Severn, flow !

THE Severn flow is swift and strong, as neareth
The home we love ;
The sunset glow has paled and passed, and clearth
The heaven above.

The children's eyes will soon be gently closing,
 Calm stars arise and shine on earth instead ;
 And through the night, all peacefully reposing,
 Angels of light shall guard each tiny bed.

 O swiftly, swiftly row o'er darkening stream,
 While nearer, nearer shines the home lamp's gleam.
 Now, now awake the song of purest thrilling,
 Of home and love ;
 And call the echoes forth, with music filling
 The rocks above.

Our song is sweetest as falls the day.
 For we are on our homeward way.
 Then merrily onward ! O merrily row !
 And smoothly swift, O Severn, flow !

My Mother's Request.

(SUNDAY MORNING, 8 O'CLOCK.)

THE Sabbath morn dawns o'er the mountain brow,
And lights the earth with glory soft and mild,
Oh, think'st thou, dearest mother, even now
Of me, thy youngest and most wayward child !

For this, my mother, is the sacred hour
When thou didst bid me ever think of thee ;
Oh, surely nothing earthly could have power
To break the spell which hallows it to me !

Thy loving look, thy feeble voice, I seem,
Though years have passed, to see and hear again,
Not as the shadowy fancies of a dream,
But as distinct, as vivid now as then.

" When in my Saviour's glorious home I dwell,
Forget not this my last request to thee ;
When soundeth forth the early Sabbath bell,
Where'er thou art, my Fanny, think of me ! "

Oh, why was this thy dying wish—thy last ?
Thou would'st not think that I should e'er forget
My mother's love, that passing years might cast
A cloudy veil, where that bright star did set.

Thou could'st not wish to wake the grief anew
Which Time's dark poppies might have lulled awhile ;
'Twas not that teardrops might again bedew
My cheek for aye, and chase again each smile.

Oh no ! were death an endless joyless sleep,
Thou hadst not bid me on thy memory dwell ;
This hour for thee thou hadst not bid me keep,
To grieve thy child, thou lovedst her too well.

But well thou knew'st I could not think of thee
Without remembering Him, with whom thou art,
To whom thou oft didst pray so fervently
That I might give my wandering, wilful heart.

I must remember too the joyful faith
Which filled thy soul e'en in thy dying hour,
And led thee calmly through the vale of death,
There I must ever see its wondrous power.

I could not but fulfil thy last desire,
The last sweet echo of thy loving voice,
Calling my mind each Sabbath morning higher
Where thou in endless Sabbath dost rejoice.

So if my heart should tempt me to forget
To watch and pray, and Jesu's love to seek,
This quiet hour might break for me the net,
And free my feet afresh each opening week.

MY MOTHER'S REQUEST.

77

Oft when I wavered, slipped, and nearly fell,
Yet, stunned and giddy, heeded not my fate,
The fatal charm was broken by that bell,
Thy memory oped my eyes ere yet too late.

And oft when sad and hopeless seemed my way,
Its sweet sound told me of the victory
Which thy bright faith hath gained, and then a ray
Of hope hath whispered, "Such may be for thee."

Oh, 'twas a mother's love which did devise
This gentle way of helping her child's soul ;
Not on earth only, but from yon bright skies
To aid her steps towards the heavenly goal.

O Thou who dwellest with Thy ransomed, where
The one long Sabbath ne'er may darkly close,
By Thy rich mercy grant this earliest prayer,
Which oft for me from her dear lips arose.

Bring me, oh, bring me to Thy house of light,
That there with my loved mother I may dwell,
And e'er rejoicing in Thy presence bright,
May praise Thy love, who doest all things well.

At Home To-night.

THE lessons are done and the prizes won,
And the counted weeks are past ;
O the holiday joys of the girls and boys
Who are "home to-night" at last !
O the ringing beat of the springing feet,
As into the hall they rush !
O the tender bliss of the first home kiss,
With its moment of fervent hush !
So much to tell and to hear as well,
As they gather around the glow !
Who would not part, for the joy of heart
That only the parted know—
At home to-night !

But all have not met, there are travellers yet,
Speeding along through the dark,
By tunnel and bridge, past river and ridge,
To the distant yet nearing mark.
But hearts are warm, for the winter storm
Has never a chill for love ;
And faces are bright in the flickering light
Of the small dim lamp above.
And voices of gladness rise over the madness
Of the whirl and the rush and the roar,
For rapid and strong it bears them along
To a home and an open door—
Yes, home to-night !

O home to-night, yes, home to-night,
 Through the pearly gate and the open door !
 Some happy feet on the golden street
 Are entering now to "go out no more."
 For the work is done and the rest begun,
 And the training time is for ever past,
 And the home of rest in the mansions blest
 Is safely, joyously reached at last.
 O the love and light in that home to-night !
 O the songs of bliss and the harps of gold !
 O the glory shed on the new-crowned head !
 O the telling of love that can ne'er be told !—
 O the welcome that waits at the shining gates,
 For those who are following far, yet near,
 When all shall meet at His glorious feet
 In the light and the love of His home so dear !
 Yes, "home to-night."

NOTE.—These verses, written a few days before Christmas, were suggested by the remark of a young friend, after picturing the merry "breaking up" of her old schoolfellows—"They will all be at home to-night." The thought arose,—“Perhaps some of Christ's little ones, who have been learning in His school, may be reaching His home to-night !” And while the third stanza was being written, a telegram came bearing the sad and unexpected tidings that a dear little girl of twelve years old had indeed just reached home, after a short illness, and entered the presence of the Saviour whom she had early learnt to love. The coincidence of the thought with the very hour of her departure, being unconnected with any idea of her illness, was remarkable.

An Indian Flag.

THE golden gates were opening
For another welcome guest ;
For a ransomed heir of glory
Was entering into rest.

The first in far Umritsur
Who heard the joyful sound,
The first who came to Jesus
Within its gloomy bound.

The wonderers and the watchers
Around his dying bed,
Saw Christ's own fearless witness
Safe through the valley led.

And they whose faithful sowing
Had not been all in vain,
Knew that the angels waited
Their sheaf of ripened grain.

He spoke : " Throughout the city
How many a flag is raised,
Where loveless deities are owned,
And powerless gods are praised.

"I give my house to Jesus,
That it may always be
A flag for Christ, the Son of God,
Who gave Himself for me."

And now in far Umritsur,
That flag is waving bright,
Amid the heathen darkness,
A clear and shining light.

A house where all may gather
The words of peace to hear,
And seek the only Saviour
Without restraint or fear.

Where patient toil of teaching,
And kindly deeds abound ;
Where holy festivals are kept,
And holy songs resound.

First convert of Umritsur,
Well hast thou led the way ;
Now, who will rise and follow ?
Who dares to answer, "Nay" ?

O children of salvation !
O dwellers in the light !
Have ye no "flag for Jesus,"
Far-waving, fair, and bright ?

Will ye not band together,
And, working hand in hand,
Set up "a flag for Jesus"
In that wide heathen land?

In many an Indian city,
Oh let a standard wave,
Our gift of love and honour
To Him who came to save;

To Him beneath whose banner
Of wondrous love we rest;
Our Friend, the Friend of sinners,
The Greatest and the Best.

Love for Love.

I JOHN iv. 16.

KNOWING that the God on high,
With a tender Father's grace,
Waits to hear your faintest cry,
Waits to show a Father's face,—
Stay and think !—oh, should not you
Love this gracious Father too ?

Knowing Christ was crucified,
Knowing that He loves you now
Just as much as when He died
With the thorns upon His brow,—
Stay and think !—oh, should not you
Love this blessed Saviour too ?

Knowing that a Spirit strives
With your weary, wandering heart,
Who can change the restless lives,
Pure and perfect peace impart,—
Stay and think !—oh, should not you
Love this loving Spirit too ?

The Turned Lesson.

"I THOUGHT I knew it!" she said,
 "I thought I had learned it quite!"
 But the gentle Teacher shook her head,
 With a grave yet loving light
 In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
 As she gave the book
 With the mark still set in the self-same place.

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
 And a heavy tear fell down,
 As she turned away with bending head,
 Yet not for reproof or frown,
 Not for the lesson to learn again,
 Or the play-hour lost;—
 It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
 But the Teacher understood,
 As God understands the chirp of the birds
 In the depth of an autumn wood.
 And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
 Was quite enough;
 No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
 " Now I will try *you* again ! "
And the lesson was mastered,—every word !
 Was it not worth the pain ?
Was it not kinder the task to turn,
 Than to let it pass,
As a lost, ~~lost~~ leaf that she did not learn ?

Is it not often so,
 That we only learn in part,
And the Master's testing-time may show
 That it was not quite " by heart " ?
Then He gives in His wise and patient grace
 That lesson again,
With the mark still set in the self-same place

Only, stay by His side
 Till the page is really known,
It may be we failed because we tried
 To learn it all alone.
And now that He would not let us lose
 One lesson of love,
(For He knows the loss),—can we refuse ?

But oh ! how *could* we dream
 That we knew it all so well ?
Reading so fluently, as we deem,
 What we could not even spell !
And oh ! how could we grieve once more
 That patient One,
Who has turned so many a task before ?

That waiting One, who now
Is letting us try again ;
Watching us with the patient brow
That bore the wreath of pain ;
Thoroughly teaching what He would teach,
Line upon line,
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

Then let our hearts "be still,"
Though our task is turned to-day ;
Oh let Him teach us what He will,
In His own gracious way ;
Till sitting only at Jesu's feet,
As we learn each line,
The hardest is found all clear and sweet !

My Singing Lesson.

(ABSTRACT.)

HERE beginneth—chapter the first of a series,
To be followed by manifold notes and queries ;
So novel the queries, so trying the notes,
I think I must have the queerest of throats,
And most notable dulness, or else long ago
The Signor had given up teaching, I trow :
I wonder if ever before he has taught
A pupil who can't do a thing as she ought !

The voice has machinery—(now to be serious),
Invisible, delicate, strange, and mysterious.
A wonderful organ-pipe firstly we trace,
Which is small in a tenor and wide in a base ;
Below, an Æolian harp is provided,
Through whose fairy-like fibres the air will be guided ;
Above is an orifice, larger or small
As the singer desires to rise or to fall ;
Expand and depress it to deepen your roar,
But raise and contract it when high you would soar.
Alas for the player, the pipes, and the keys,
If the bellows give out an inadequate breeze !
So this is the method of getting up steam,
The one motive-power for song or for scream :
Slowly and deeply, and just like a sigh,
Fill the whole chest with a mighty supply ;
Through the mouth only, and not through the nose,
And the lungs must condense it ere farther it goes

(*How to condense it, I really don't know,*
And very much hope the next lesson will show),
Then, forced from each side, through the larynx it comes,
And reaches the region of molars and gums,
And half of the sound will be ruined or lost
If by any impediment here it is crossed.
On the soft of the palate beware lest it strike,
The effect would be such as your ear would not like.
And arch not the tongue, or the terrified note
Will straightway be driven back into the throat.
Look well to your trigger, nor hasten to pull it :
Once hear the report and you've done with your bullet.
In the feminine voice there are registers three,
Which upper, and middle, and lower must be ;
And each has a sounding-board all of its own,
The chest, lips, and head, to reverberate tone.
But in cavities nasal it never must ring,
Or no one is likely to wish you to sing.
And if on this subject you waver in doubt,
By listening and feeling the truth will come out.
The lips, by the bye, will have plenty to do
In forming the vowels Italian and true ;
Eschewing the English, uncertain and hideous,
With an *O* and a *U* that are simply amphibious.
In flexible freedom let both work together,
And the under one must not be stiffened like leather.

Here endeth the substance of what I remember,
Indited this twenty-sixth day of November.

Leaning over the Waterfall.

A young lady, aged 20, fell over the rocks at the Swallow Waterfall in the summer of 1873, and was lost to sight in a moment. The body was not recovered till four hours afterwards.

LEANING over the waterfall !
Lured by the fairy sight,
Heeding not the warning call,
Watching the foam and the flow,
Smooth and dark, or swift and bright,
Here in the shade and there in the light !
Oh, who could know
The coming sorrow, the nearing woe !

Leaning over the waterfall !
Only a day before
She had spoken of Jesu's wondrous call,
As He trod the waves of Galilee.
They asked, as she gazed from the sunset shore,
"If He wa'ked that water, what would you do?"
Then fell the answer, glad and true,
"If He beckoned me,
I would go to Him on the pathless sea."

Leaning over the waterfall
 Only a moment before !
 And then the slip, the helpless call,
 The plunge unheard in the pauseless roar
 By the startled watchers on the shore ;
 And the feet that stood by the waterfall,
 So fair and free,
 Are standing with Christ by the crystal sea.

Leaning over the waterfall !
 Have you not often leant
 (What should hinder ? or what appal ?)
 Freely, fearlessly, over the brink,
 Merrily glancing adown the stream,
 Or gazing wrapt in a musical dream
 At the lovely waters ? But pause and think—
 Who kept *your* feet,
 And suffered you not such death to meet ?

Leaning over the waterfall !
 What if *your* feet had slipped ?
 Never a moment of power to call,
 Never a hand in time to save
 From the terrible rush of the ruthless wave !
 Hearken ! would it be ill or well
 If thus *you* fell ?
 Hearken ! would it be heaven or hell ?

LEANING OVER THE WATERFALL.

91

Leaning over the waterfall !

Listen, and learn, and lean !

Listen to Him whose loving call

Soundeth deep in your heart to-day !

Learn of Jesus, the only way,

How to be holy, how to be blest !

Lean on His breast,

And yours shall be safety and joy and rest.

"That's not the Way at Sea."

Reply of Captain Bouchier of the training-ship *Goliath*, when his boys entreated him to save himself from the burning wreck. 1876.

He stood upon the fiery deck,
Our Captain kind and brave !
He would not leave the burning wreck,
While there was one to save.
We wanted him to go before,
And we would follow fast ;
We could not bear to leave him there,
Beside the blazing mast.
But his voice rang out in a cheery shout,
And noble words spoke he,—
"That's not the way at sea, my boys,
That's not the way at sea !"

So each one did as he was bid,
And into the boats we passed,
While closer came the scorching flame,
And our Captain was the last.
Yet once again he dared his life,
One little lad to save ;
Then we pulled to shore from the blaze and roar,
With our Captain kind and brave.

"THAT'S NOT THE WAY AT SEA."

93

In the face of Death, with its fiery breath,
He had stood,—and so would we !
For that's the way at sea, my boys,
For that's the way at sea !

Now let the noble words resound,
And echo far and free,
Wherever English hearts are found,
On English shore or sea.
The iron nerve of duty, joined
With golden vein of love,
Can dare to do, and dare to wait,
With courage from above.
Our Captain's shout among the flames
A watchword long shall be,—
"That's not the way at sea, my boys,
That's not the way at sea !"

when
1876.

oar,



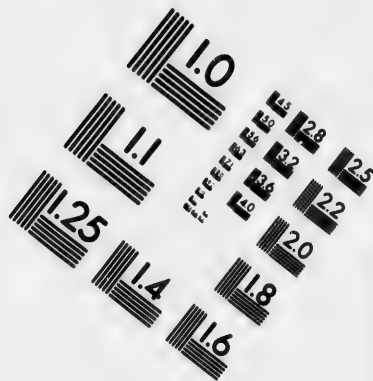
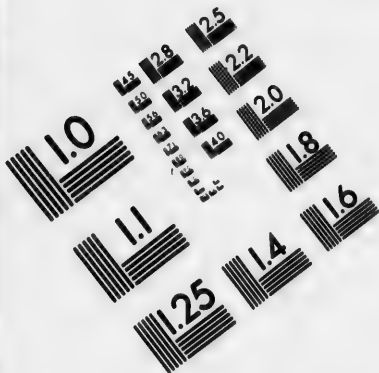
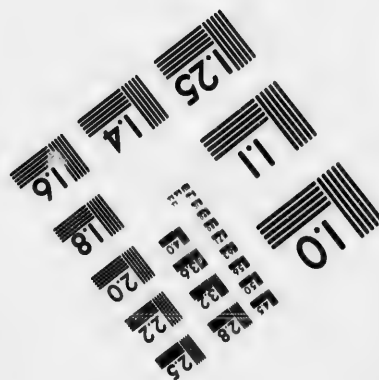
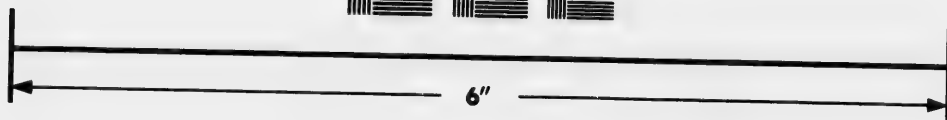
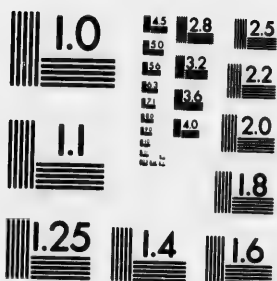


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The Awakening.

So it has come to you, dear,
Come so soon !

Come in the sunshine early,
Come in the morning pearly,
Not in the blaze of noon.

Yes, it has come to you, dear,
Strange and sweet ;
Come ere the merry May-time
Melts to the glowing hay-time,
Hushed in the sultry heat.

Come—with mysterious shadow,
Weird and new—
Come with a magic lustre
Hung on the shining cluster
Ripening fast for you.

Come ! and the exquisite minor,
Rich and deep,
Swells with Æolian blending
Chords of the spirit, ending
Boyhood's enchanted sleep.

Sleep that is past for ever !
Is it gain ?
What does the waking seem like ?
Love that is only dream-like
Sings not a truthful strain.

Hearts that have roused and listened
Never more
(Though they may miss the crossed tones,
Though they may mourn the lost tones),
Sleep as they slept before.

Come ! and the great transition
Now is past !
Never again the boy-life,
Only the pain—and joy-life,
More of the first than last.

Come ! and they do not guess it,
Why such a change !
Why should the mirth and riot
Tone into manly quiet !
Is it not passing strange ?

Come ! 'Tis a night of wonder
At this call ;
Characters cabalistic,
Writings all dim and mystic
Tremble upon the wall.

Come ! am I glad or sorry ?
Wait and see !
Wait for God's silent moulding,
Wait for His full unfolding,
Wait for the days to be.

Something to Do.

"SOMETHING to do, mamma, something to do!"

Who has not heard the cry?

Something to plan and something to try!

Something to do when the sky is blue,

And the sun is clear and high;

Something to do on a rainy day,

Tired of lessons or tired of play;

Something to do in the morning walk,

Better than merely to stroll and talk.

For the fidgety feet, oh, something to do,

For the mischievous fingers something too;

For the busy thought in the little brain,

For the longing love of the little heart,

Something easy, and nice, and plain;

Something in which they can all take part;

Something better than breakable toys,

Something for girls and something for boys!

I know, I know, and I'll tell you too,

Something for all of you now to do!

First, you must listen! Do you know

Where the poor sick children go?

Think of hundreds altogether

In the pleasant summer weather,

Lying sadly day by day,

Having pain instead of play;

No dear mother sitting near,
No papa to kiss good-night ;
Brothers, sisters, playmates dear,
All away and out of sight.
Little feet that cannot go
Where the pink-tipped daisies grow ;
Little eyes that never see
Bud or blossom, bird or tree ;
Little hands that folded lie
As the weary weeks go by.
What if you could send them flowers,
Brightening up the dismal hours ?

Then the hospitals for others,
For the fathers and the mothers
Where the weary sufferers lie,
While the weeks go slowly past,
Some with hope of cure at last,
Some to suffer till they die.
Now, while you are scampering free,
In your happy springtide glee,
They are lying sadly there,
Weak and sick—oh, don't you care ?
Don't you want to cheer each one ?
Don't you wish it could be done ?

Then the poor old people too,
In the dreary workhouse-room,
Nothing all day long to do,
Nothing to light up the gloom !

Older, weaker, every day,
 All their children gone away ;
 Nothing pleasant, nothing bright,
 For the dimming, aching sight.
 Would it not be nice to send
 Nosegays by some loving friend ?

Then if you could only see
 Where so many thousands live,
 All in sin and misery,
 Dirt and noise and poverty,
 What, oh, what would you not give,
 Just some little thing to do
 That might do a little good !
 Don't you want to help them too ?

I will tell you how you could !
 Gather flowers for Jesus' sake,
 For a loving hand to take
 Into all those dreadful places,
 Bringing smiles to haggard faces,
 Bringing tears to hardened eyes ;
 Bringing back the memories
 Of the home so long ago
 Left for wickedness and woe,
 Of the time, so far away,
 When they learned to sing and pray.
 Oh, you cannot guess the power
 Of a little simple flower !

And yet the message they should bear,
 Of God our Father's love and care,

Is never really read aright
 Without the Holy Spirit's light ;—
 Without the voice of Jesus, heard
 In His own sweet and mighty word.
 And so we *never* send the flowers
 With only messages of ours ;
 But every group of buds and bells
 The story of salvation tells.
 Let every little nosegay bring
 Not only fragrance of the spring,
 But sweeter fragrance of His Name,
 Who saves and pardons, soothes and heals,
 The living Saviour, still the same,
 Who every pain and sorrow feels.
 The little texts are sweeter far
 Than lily-bell or primrose star ;
 And He will help you just to choose
 The very words that He will use.
 Now will it not be real delight
 To find them out and make a list
 Of promise-words, so strong and bright,
 So full of comfort and of light,
 That all their meaning *can't* be missed ?
 Think how every one may be
 God's own message from above
 To some little girl or boy,
 Changing sadness into joy,
 Soothing some one's dreadful pain,
 Making some one glad again,
 With His comfort and His love !

Calling them to Jesus' feet,
 Showing them what He has done !
 Darlings, will it not be sweet
 If He blesses only one !
 Only *one* ? Nay, ask Him still,
 Ask Him *every one* to bless !
 He can do it, and He will ;
 Do not let us ask Him less !

Now then, set to work at once,
 If you're not a thorough dunce !
 Cut the little holders squarely,
 Keep the edges smooth and straight :
 Now the paint box, artists bold !
 Paint the borders firm and fairly
 With your prettiest red or gold !
 Easy this, at any rate.
 Now for writing—clearest, neatest
 (Or it may be gently hinted,
 Better still if neatly printed).
 Tracing words the strongest, sweetest,—
 Words that must and will avail,
 Though the loveliest blossoms fail.
 Then away, away, the first fine day !
 Follow the breeze that is out at play,
 Follow the bird and follow the bee,
 Follow the butterfly flitting free,
 For I think they know
 Where the sweetest wildflowers grow ;

Bluebells in the shady dingle,
Where the violet-odours mingle ;
Where the fairy primrose lamp
Seems to light the hawthorn shade ;
Orchis in the meadow damp,
Cowslip in the sunny glade
(But not the pale anemone,
For that will fade so speedily).
Hedge and coppice, lane and field,
Gather all the store they yield !
Buttercups and daisies too,
Though so little prized by you,
Will be gold and silver treasure,
In their power of giving pleasure,
To the poor in city alleys,
Far away from hills and valleys,
Who have never seen them grow
Since their childhood, long ago ;
Or to children pale and small,
Who never saw them grow at all !
And don't forget the fair green leaves
That have their own sweet tales to tell,
And waving grass that humbly weaves
The emerald robe of bank and dell.

Is there some one at home who cannot go
To gather the flowers as they grow ?
Then there is plenty for her to do
In making the nosegays up for you ;

Getting them ready to travel away,
In time for the work of the coming day.

But oh, how busy you will be
When the packing must be done !
Oh, the bustle and the glee,
Will it not be famous fun ?
And when the box is gone away,
The pleasure need not all be past ;
I think it will not be the last !
Just set to work another day !
And send some more
From the beautiful store
Which God keeps sending you fresh and new,
And thank Him too
That He has given you " SOMETHING TO DO ! "

Little Nora.

FAR off upon a western shore,
Where wildest billows roam,
Beneath the great grim rocks there stands
A tiny cabin home ;

And in it dwells a little one,
With eyes of laughing blue,
And lips as red as any rose
With early sparkling dew.

Her father was a fisher, and
Went out with every tide,
While Norah sat and watched alone
By her sick mother's side.

It was a weary thing to sit
For many a long, long day,
Without a ramble on the beach,
Or e'en a thought of play ;

But Nora did not think it hard,
She loved her mother so,
And in a thousand ways she tried
Her earnest love to show.

One day she left the cabin door,
And walked a long, long way,—
Now high upon the breezy cliffs,
Now close to ocean spray.

She went to seek some remedy
To ease her mother's pain,
Tho' little hope there was that she
Could e'er be well again.

The ruby clouds have curtained o'er
The golden glowing west,
Where 'neath the white-winged wavelets now
The sun hath gone to rest ;

But little Nora comes not yet !
The mother's fears arise,
The evening breeze brings nothing save
The seabird's mournful cries.

The twilight hour is passing fast
In weariness and pain,
She waits and listens for her child,
As yet she waits in vain.

Hark, hark ! a bounding step is heard
Along the pebbly shore,
And now a tiny hand is laid
Upon the cabin door ;

"O mother, darling mother, I
Have such good news to tell :
Far more than medicine I have brought,
To make you glad and well."

More brightly gleamed her joyous eye,
And rosier grew her cheek,
While forth she poured the happy words,
As fast as tongue could speak.

"I bought the medicine, mother dear,
And turned to come away,
When by me stood a kind grave man,
And gently bade me stay ;

"And then he spoke sweet words to me
About the Saviour's love,
And of the glorious home where all
His children meet above.

"He told me Jesus loved us so
That He came down to die,
And suffered all instead of us ;—
And then it made me cry.

"He said His blood was quite enough
To wash our sins away,
And make us fit for Heaven at once
If we should die to-day.

"So, mother dear, we shall not need
To purgatory go ;
If Jesus has forgiven all,
That is enough, you know !"

The rosy glow had rested on
The mother's whitening cheek ;
'Twas fading now, and Nora ceased,—
Then came a long wild shriek,—

"O mother, speak to me once more,—
Oh, is she really dead ?"
'Twas even so, the hand was cold,
And stilled the throbbing head ;

Yes, even while those blessed words
Like angel-music fell,
Her weary spirit passed away,
But whither ! who may tell ?

Oh, bitter were the ears which fell
From little Nora's eye,
And many a day and night had passed
Ere they again were dry.

But bitterest were they when she thought,
"Oh, I can never tell
If with that blessed Saviour now,
Sweet mother, thou dost dwell !

“Ah ! had I only sooner known
What I have heard to-day,
I would have told her more of Him
Before she went away ;

“For perhaps she did not hear me then,
So she could never know
The way that Jesus Christ has made
To His bright home to go.

“I love Him, yes, I’m sure I do,
Then He will take me home
To be with Him for evermore,
Where sorrow cannot come ;

“But, oh, I cannot bear to think,
When I His glory see,
And rest within the Saviour’s arms,—
Where will my mother be ?”

Dear children, you have learnt the way
To that bright home above,
You have been told of Jesus and
His deep and tender love ;

In Ireland there are little ones
Whose hearts are very sad,
Oh, won’t you try and send to them
Sweet words to make them glad ?

"Come over and Help Us."

THE IRISH CHILD'S CRY.

OH, children of England, beyond the blue sea,
Your poor little brothers and sisters are we ;
'Tis not much affection or pity we find,
But we hear you are loving and gentle and kind ;
So will you not listen a minute or two,
While we tell you a tale that is all of it true ?

We live in a cabin, dark, smoky, and poor ;
At night we lie down on the hard dirty floor ;
Our clothes are oft tattered, and shoes we have none ;
Our food we must beg, as we always have done ;
So cold and so hungry, and wretched are we,
It would make you quite sad if you only could see.

There's no one to teach us poor children to read ;
There's no one to help us, and no one to lead ;
There's no one at all that will tell us the way
To be happy or safe, or teach us to pray :
To the bright place above us we all want to go,
But we cannot, for how to get there we don't know.

They tell us the Virgin will hear if we call,
But sure in one minute she can't hear us all

"COME OVER AND HELP US."

109

And the saints are too busy in Heaven, we hear ;
Then often the priests make us tremble with fear
At the fire of purgatory, which, as they tell,
Is almost as dreadful as going to hell.

Oh, will you not help us, and send us a ray
Of the light of the Gospel to brighten our way ?
Oh, will you not tell us the beautiful story
Of Jesus, who came from His dwelling of glo
To save little children, and not only you,
But even the poor ragged Irish ones too ?

The English Child's Reply.

We have heard the call from your fair green Isle,
Our hearts have wept at your saddening tale,
And we long to waken a brighter smile,
By a story of love which shall never fail.

We should like you to come to our Bible-land,
And share our comforts and blessings too ;
We would take you all with a sister's hand,
And try to teach and to gladden you.

But you're so far off that it cannot be,
And we have no wings, or to you we'd fly,
So we'll try to send o'er the foaming sea
Sweet words to brighten each heavy eye,—

Sweet words of Him, who was once so poor,
That He had not where to lay His head ;
But hath opened now the gleaming door
To the palace of light, where His feast is spread.

There you may enter ; He calls each one,
You're as welcome there as the greatest king,
Come to Him then, for He casts out none,
And nothing at all do you need to bring.

THE ENGLISH CHILD'S REPLY.

111

He will change your rags for a robe of white,
An angel-harp, and a crown of gold ;
You may dwell for aye in His presence bright,
And the beaming smiles of His love behold.

We will gladly save from our little store
Our pennies, our farthings, from day to day,
And only wish we could do far more,
But for Erin's children we'll always pray.

A Plea for the Little Ones.

It was Easter Monday morning,
A dull and showery day ;
We were sorry for the children
Who could not run and play.

I heard the sound of singing
As I passed along the street,—
An unseen tiny chorus
Of tiny voices sweet.

Beneath a sheltering doorway,
Safe from the April weather,
Eight happy little singers
Sat lovingly together.

Five crowding on the doorstep
With arms entwined, and three
On broken stool or baby chair,
Close clustering knee to knee.

They sang about the "happy land "
So very "far away,"
And happier faces never shone
In any game of play.

And then they sang it all again,
And gently rocked each other ;
Then said the little leader,
"Now let us sing another !"

"Now *I* will say a hymn to you !"
(Oh the sixteen eyes were bright !)
So I said them "Little Jessie,"
As they listened with delight.

JESSIE'S FRIEND.

"Little Jessie, darling pet,
Do you want a Friend?
One who never will forget,
Loving to the end?
One whom you can tell, when sad,
Everything that grieves ;
One who loves to make you glad,
One who never leaves?

"Such a loving Friend is ours,
Near us all the day,
Helping us in lesson-hours,
Smiling on our play ;
Keeping us from doing wrong,
Guarding everywhere ;
Listening to each happy song,
And each little prayer.

"Jessie, if you only knew
What He is to me,
Surely you would love Him too,
You would 'come and see.'
Come, and you will find it true,
Happy you will be!
Jesus says, and says to you,
'Come, oh come, to Me.'"

"Now tell me who, if you can guess,
Was little Jessie's Friend?
Who is the Friend that loves so much,
And loveth to the end?"

I would that you had seen the smile
On every sunny face;
It made a palace of delight
Out of that dismal place.

As, reverently yet joyously,
They answered without fear,
"It's Jesus!" That beloved Name
Had never seemed more dear.

And then we talked awhile of Him,—
They knew the story well;
His holy life, His precious death,
Those rosy lips could tell.

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

115

All beautiful, and wonderful,
And sweet and true it seemed,
Such hold no fairy tale had gained
That ever fancy dreamed.

So, to be good and kind all day,
These little children tried,
Because they knew *He* was so good,
Because *He* bled and died.

Blest knowledge! Oh what human lore
Can be compared with such!
"Who taught you this, dear little ones?
Where did you learn so much?"

Again the bright eyes cheerily
Looked up from step and stool;
They answered (mark the answer well!),
"*We learnt it all at school!*"

At school, at school! And shall we take
The Book of books away!—
Withhold it from the little ones,—
Leave them at will to stray

Upon dark mountains helplessly,
Without the guiding light
That God entrusts to *us*, until
They perish in the night?

What was the world before that Book
Went forth in glorious might?
Availed the lore of Greece and Rome
To chase its Stygian night?

We send the messengers of life
To many a distant strand,
And shall we tie the tongues that teach
The poor of our own land?

Shall husks and chaff be freely given,
And not the Bread of Life?
And shall the Word of peace become
A centre of mad strife?

Shall those who name the Name of Christ
His own great gift withhold?
Our Lamp, our Chart, our Sword, our Song,
Our Pearl, our most fine Gold!

Why would ye have "no Bible taught"?
Is it for *fear*? or shame?
Out, out upon such coward hearts,
False to their Master's name!

If God be God, if truth be truth,
If Christian men be men,
Let them arise and fight the fight,
Though it were one to ten!

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

117

With battle-cry of valiant faith,
Let Britain's sons arise,—
“Our children *shall* be taught the Word
That only maketh wise !”

So, dauntlessly will we unfurl
Our banner bright and broad,
The cause of His dear Word of Life,
Our cause, the Cause of God.

Two Rings.

SHE stood by the western window,
In the midsummer twilight fair ;
And the sunset breeze leaped from the trees
To lift her heavy hair.

Loving and lingering that good-night,
Which again and again was said,
Ever a fresh excuse was found
To "put off going to bed."

She took a ring from the table,
Blue, with a diamond eye ;
A forget-me-not that would never fade
'Neath any wintry sky.

She placed it on her little hand,
And danced with sudden glee ;
"Look at my ring, my pretty ring !
It is mine just now, you see !"

She laughed her merry ringing laugh,
I answered with a sigh,
Strange echo to my darling's mirth,
Though scarcely knowing why.

Her childish beauty touched my heart,
And rose to a vision fair
Of far-off days, when another ring
That little hand might wear.

And mine,—it might be pulseless then
Under the churchyard tree ;
So I drew her gently to my side,
And took her on my knee.

“It shall be yours, my darling,”
I said, “but not to-day ;
It *shall* be yours, my darling,
When I am gone away.”

She glanced up quickly in my face,
Not sure that she heard aright ;
And the shadow that fell in the sweet brown eyes
Was sweeter than any light.

Then she bent her head and kissed the ring,
With a kiss both grave and long ;
Hardly the kiss of a little child,
So fervent and so strong.

And hardly the tones of a little child,
That spoke so earnestly,—
“Yes, I will always wear it ;
Mine it shall always be.

"But oh!" (and the eyes, love-brightened,
Shone with a sudden tear),
"I hope I shall never wear it,
Never, oh never, dear!"

Five summers smoothly passed away,
And the sixth was drawing nigh,
While herald glory woke the earth,
And filled the dazzling sky.

An April morning, radiant
With June-like gleam and glow,
Arose as fair as if the world
No shade of grief could know.

A tiny packet came for me,
With many a dark-edged fold,
And safe within it lay a ring,—
A little ring of gold.

O well I knew its carving quaint
Of old ancestral days;
Last seen upon a waving hand
In slanting autumn rays.

O fair young hand that waved good bye
With passing grace and glee!
We knew not that it was farewell,—
The *last* farewell for me.

The sweet bright spring that touched the earth
With all renewing might,
For *her* eternal beauty brought,
Eternal life and light.

All through the solemn Passion week
She lay so still and sweet,
A carven lily, white and pure,
For God's own temple meet ;—

Until the day when Jesus died,
The Saviour whom she knew,
The Shepherd whom she followed home
The shadowy portal through.

And when the evening gently closed
That sad and sacred day,
They left the last kiss on her brow,
And took the ring away.

Two rings are always on my hand,
The azure and the gold,
And they shall gleam together till
My tale of life is told.

The Mountain Maidens.

(ZELLA, DORA, LISETTA.)

A CANTATA.

Part I.—Sunrise.

(1.) DAWN CHORUS.

THE stars die out, and the moon grows dim,
Slowly, softly, the dark is paling !
Comes o'er the eastern horizon-rim,
Slowly, softly, a bright unveiling.

The white mist floats in the vale at rest,
Ghostly, dimly, a silver shiver ;
The golden east and the purple west
Flushing deep with a crimson quiver.

The mountains gleam with expectant light,
Near and grandly, or far and faintly,
In festal robing of solemn white,
Waiting, waiting, serene and saintly.

Lo ! on the mountain-crest, sudden and fair,
Bright herald of morning, the rose-tint is there ;
Peak after peak lighteth up with the glow
That crowneth with ruby the Alpine snow.

THE MOUNTAIN MAIDENS.

123

Summit on summit, and crest beyond crest,
The beacons are spreading away to the west ;
Crimson and fire and amber and rose,
Touch with life and with glory the Alpine snows.

(2.) CHORALE.

Father, who hast made the mountains,
Who hast formed each tiny flower,
Who hast filled the crystal fountains,
Who hast sent us sun and shower :
Hear Thy children's morning prayer,
Asking for Thy guardian care ;
Keep and guide us all the day,
Lead us safely all the way.

Let Thy glorious creation
Be the whisper of Thy power ;
New and wondrous revelation
Still unfolding every hour.
Let the blessing of Thy love
Rest upon us from above ;
And may evening gladness be
Full of thanks and praise to Thee.

(3.) RECITATIVE.—*Dora*.

Our pleasant summer work begins. You go,
O merry Zella, with the obedient herd
To upland pastures, singing all the way.
And you, Lisetta, to the sterner heights,

Where only foot of Alpine goat may pass,
Or step of mountain maiden. It is mine
To work at home, preparing smooth white cheese
For winter store, and often needed gain.
And mine the joy of welcoming once more
My loving sisters when the evening falls.

(4.) SONG.—*Dora.*

The morning light flingeth
Its wakening ray,
And as the day bringeth
The work of the day,
The happy heart singeth :
Awake and away !

No life can be dreary
When work is delight ;
Though evening be weary,
Rest cometh at night ;
And all will be cheery
If faithful and right.

When duty is treasure,
And labour a joy,
How sweet is the leisure
Of ended employ !
Then only can pleasure
Be free from alloy.

[*Repeat v. 1.*

THE MOUNTAIN MAIDENS.

125

(5.) SONG.—*Zella.*

Away, away ! with the break of day,
To the sunny upland slope ;
Away, away ! while the earliest ray
Tells of radiant joy and hope.

With the gentle herd that know the word
Of kindness and of care,
While with footsteps free they follow me,
As I lead them anywhere.

Away, away ! with a merry lay,
And the chime of a hundred bells :
Away, away ! with a carol gay,
And an echo from the fells.

To the pastures high, where the shining sky
Looks down on a wealth of flowers ;
To the sapphire spots, where forget-me-nots
Smile on through lonely hours.

Away, away ! while the breezes play
In the fragrant summer morn ;
Away, away ! while the rock-walls grey
Resound with the Alpen-horn.

To the crags all bright in the golden light
With floral diadems,
As fresh and fair, as "rich and rare,"
As any royal gems.

Away, away ! while the rainbow spray
 Wreaths the silver waterfalls ;
 Away, away ! Oh, I cannot stay
 When the voice of the morning calls !

(6.) RECITATIVE.—*Lisetta.*

Adieu, my Dora ! Zella dear, adieu !
 The quick light tinkle of the goat-bells now
 Reminds me they are waiting for my call,
 To follow where small flowers have dared to peep
 And laugh, beside the glacier and the snow.
 I shall not go alone, your love shall go with me.

(7.) DUET.—*Zella and Dora.*

Adieu, adieu till eventide !
 The hours will quickly pass,
 The shadow of the rocks will glide
 Across the sunny grass.
 We shall not mourn the lessening light,
 For we shall meet at home to-night.

Adieu, adieu till eventide !
 The hour of home and rest,
 The hour that finds us side by side,
 The sweetest and the best.
 For love is joy, and love is light,
 And we shall meet at home to-night !

THE MOUNTAIN MAIDENS.

127

Adieu, adieu till eventide !

'Tis but a little while !

We would not stay the morning's pride,
Or noontide's dazzling smile.

But welcome evening's waning light,
For we shall meet at home to-night !

Part II.—Noon.(8.) SONG.—*Lisetta.*

It is noon upon the mountains, and the breeze has died
away,

And the rainbow of the morning passes from the torrent
spray,

And a calm of golden silence falls upon the glistening
snow,

While the shadows of the noon-clouds rest upon the glen
below.

It is noon upon the mountains, noon upon the giant
rocks ;

Hushed the tinkle of the goat-bells, and the bleating of
the flocks ;

They are sleeping on the gentians, and upon the craggy
height,

In the glow of Alpine noontide, in the glory of the light.

It is noon upon the mountains : I will rest beside the
snow,

Glittering summits far above me, blue-veined glaciers far
below :

I will rest upon the gentians, till the quiet shadows creep,
Cool and soft, along the mountains, waking me from
pleasant sleep.

(9.) NOON CHORUS.

Rest ! while the noon is high,
Rest while the glow
Falls from the summer sky
Over the snow.

Rest ! where the Alpen-rose
Crimsons the height,
Piercing the mountain snows,
Purpling the light.
Rest ! while the waterfalls,
Murmuring deep
Far-away lullabies,
Hush thee to sleep.
Rest ! while the noon, etc.

Rest ! where the mountains rise,
Shining and white ;
Piercing the deep blue skies,
Solemn and bright.
Sleep ! while the silence falls,
Soothing to rest,
Sweetest of lullabies,
Calming and blest.
Rest ! while the noon, etc.

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THE MOUNTAIN MAIDENS.

129

(10.) RECITATIVE.—*Lisetta.*

Where am I? I was sleeping by the snow
Upon the Alpen-roses in the noon.
But am I dreaming now? The sun is low,
'Tis twilight in the valley, and I hear
No music of the goat-bells. Oh, I fear
It is no dream, but night is coming soon,
And I am all alone upon the height,
And there are small faint tracks, too quickly lost,
That need sure foot and eye in fullest light,
And crags to leap, and torrents to be crossed!
I go! may Power and Love still guard and guide
aright.

(11.) SONG.—*Lisetta.*

Alone, alone! yet around me stand
God's mountains, still and grand!
Still and grand, serene and bright,
Sentinels clothed in armour white,
And helmeted with scarlet light.
His Power is near,
I need not fear.
Beneath the shadow of His Throne
Alone, alone, yet not alone!
Alone, alone! yet beneath me sleep
The flowers His hand doth keep,
Small and fair, by crag or dell,
Trustfully closing star and bell,
Eve by eve as twilight fell.

His Love is near,
I need not fear.
Beneath the rainbow of His Throne,
Alone, alone, yet not alone !

Alone, alone ! yet I will not fear,
For Power and Love are near !
Step by step, by rock and rill,
Trustfully onward, onward still,
I follow home with hope and will !
So near, so near !
I do not fear !
Beneath the Presence of His Throne,
Alone, alone, yet not alone !

Part III.—Sunset.

(12.) SUNSET CHORUS.

It is coming, it is coming,
That marvellous up-summing,
Of the loveliest and grandest all in one :
The great transfiguration,
And the royal coronation,
Of the Monarch of the mountains by the priestly Sun.

Watch breathlessly and hearken,
While the forest throne steps darken,
His investiture in crimson and in fire ;
Not a herald-trumpet ringeth,
Not a pæan echo flingeth,
There is music of a silence that is mightier far, and higher.

THE MOUNTAIN MAIDENS.

131

Then in radiant obedience,
 A flush of bright allegiance
 Lights up the vassal-summits and the proud peaks all
 around ;
 And a thrill of mystic glory
 Quivers on the glaciers hoary,
 As the ecstasy is full, and the mighty brow is crowned.

Crowned with ruby of resplendence
 In unspeakable transcendence,
 'Neath a canopy of purple and of gold outspread,
 With rock-sceptres upward pointing,
 While the glorious anointing
 Of the consecrating sunlight is poured upon his head.

Then a swift and still transition
 Falls upon the gorgeous vision,
 And the ruby and the fire pass noiselessly away ;
 But the paling of the splendour
 Leaves a rose-light, clear and tender,
 And lovelier than the loveliest dream that melts before
 the day.

Oh to keep it, oh to hold it,
 While the tremulous rays enfold it !
 Oh to drink in all the beauty, and never thirst again !
 Yet less lovely if less fleeting !
 For the mingling and the meeting
 Of the wonder and the rapture can but overflow in pain.

It is passing, it is passing !
 While the softening glow is glassing
 In the crystal of the heavens all the fairest of its rose.
 Ever faintly and more faintly,
 Ever saintly and more saintly,
 Gleam the snowy heights around us in holiest repose.

O pure and perfect whiteness !
 O mystery of brightness
 Upon those still, majestic brows shed solemnly abroad :
 Like the calm and blessed sleeping
 Of saints in Christ's own keeping,
 When the smile of holy peace is left, last witness for their
 God.

(13.) SONG.—*Dora.*

The tuneful chime of the herd is still,
 For the milking hour is past,
 And tinkle, tinkle, along the hill,
 The goat-bells come at last.
 But sister, sister, where art thou ?
 We watch and wait for thy coming now.

The crimson fades from the farthest height,
 And the rose-fire pales away ;
 And softly, softly the shroud of night
 Enfolds the dying day.
 But sister, sister, where art thou ?
 We watch and wait for thy coming now.

THE MOUNTAIN MAIDENS.

133

The cold wind swells from the icy steep,
And the pine-trees quake and moan ;
And darkly, darkly the grey clouds creep,
And thou art all alone.
O sister, sister, where art thou ?
We watch and wait for thy coming now.

(14.) DUET.—*Zella and Dora.*

We will seek thee, we will find thee,
Though the night-winds howl and sweep !
We will follow through the torrent,
We will follow up the steep ;
Follow where the Alpen-roses
Make the mountain all aglow,
Follow, follow through the forest,
Follow, follow to the snow !
And our Alpine call shall echo
From the rock and from the height,
Till a gladder tone rebounding,
Thine own merry voice resounding,
Fill us with a great delight.

Lisetta ! Lisetta !
Hush and hearken ! Call again
Lisetta ! Lisetta !
Hearken, hearken ! All in vain !

We will seek thee, we will find thee,
In the wary chamois' haunt ;
Toil and terror, doubt and danger,
Loving hearts shall never daunt !

We will follow in the darkness,
 We will follow in the light ;
 Follow, follow, till we find thee,
 Through the noon or through the night.
 We will seek thee, we will find thee,
 Never weary till we hear,
 Over all the torrents' rushing,
 Joyous answer clearly gushing,
 Thine own Alpine echo dear !
 Lisetta ! Lisetta !
 Hush and hearken ! All in vain !
 Lisetta ! Lisetta !
 Hearken, hearken ! Call again !

(15.) TRIO.—*Zella, Dora, and Lisetta.*

LISETTA (*pp.*) I am coming !
 ZELLA and DORA (*f.*) She is coming !
 LISETTA (*p.*) I am coming, wait for me !
 ZELLA and DORA (*p.*) She is coming !
 LISETTA (*mf.*) I am coming !
 ZELLA and DORA (*f.*) Come, oh come, we wait for thee !
 Nearer, nearer comes the echo,
 Nearer, nearer comes the voice,
 Nearer, nearer fall the footsteps,
 Making us indeed rejoice.
 LISETTA. I am coming, wait for me !
 ZELLA and DORA. Come, oh come, we wait for thee !

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THE MOUNTAIN MAIDENS.

135

ZELLA, DORA, and LISETTA.

We her, } we her, }
They { have sought me, } they { have found me, }

Fear and danger all are past,

Now with joyful song { we lead her }
 { they lead me }

Safely, safely home at last !

(16.) CHORUS.—*Finale.*

Safe home, safe home !

Fear and danger all are past,

We are safely home at last !

O the love-light shed around,

In a rich and radiant flow,

When the lost and loved are found,

Is the sweetest heart can know.

Fairer than the dawn-light tender,

Fuller than the noontide glow,

Brighter than the sunset splendour,

Purer than the moonlit snow.

Now let the wild cloud sweep,

Let the wild rain pour !

Now let the avalanche leap

With its long grand roar !

thee !

Now let the black night fall
On the mountain crest !
Safe are our dear ones all
In our mountain nest.

Safe home, safe home !
Fear and danger all are past,
We are safely home at last !

Enigma No. 1.

AN army of Cyclops, fair reader, are we,
Yet your servants especially ought we to be ;
The outpost of England, 'mid ocean's roar,
We have stood since the deluge, and perhaps before.

From Parry, and Cook, and Columbus too,
A vote of thanks to ourselves is due ;
But to Solomon's ships, when to Ophir sent,
Our aid, not asked, was of course not lent.

To Matilda of Flanders' assistance we came,
When she toiled to emblazon the Conqueror's fame ;
And the lasting memorials we are seen
In a summer clime, of a swarthier queen.

The records of ancient days we bear,
And Time to erase us doth not dare,
Yet the poorest girl in our native land
Hath held us fast in her weary hand.

We steadily turn from the tropical glow
To the dreary regions of ice and snow,
For we're firmly bound with a magic spell,
Which none may loose, or its meaning tell.

Woe to the man who hath dared to wed
A woman who us and our woe hath fled !
If you find us out, you may claim to be
As bright and as sharp as ever are we.

Enigma No. 2.

A WHIMSICAL set we must often seem,
Of crotchets as full as an organist's dream ;
If we were abolished, there'd straightway be
A piscatorian jubilee.
We are frequently clothed in as snowy array
As a maiden fair on her bridal day ;
Yet we're often black as the blackest night,
E'en when we're lauding the soft moonlight.
The depths of the ocean we faithfully show,
On us hundreds of miles you may swiftly go ;
We measure the distance from place to place,
And encircle the globe in our wide embrace.
Woe, woe to the soldier who dares to fly
From us when the hour of battle is nigh !
Yet the gardener himself, in his peaceful trade,
For planting his cabbages needs our aid.
If a lady endeavours her age to hide,
We ruthlessly publish it far and wide
Wherever she ventures to show her head ;
Yet in us her destiny oft is read.
In the heart of a friend long, long forsaken
A few of ourselves may deep gladness awaken ;
Yet ours is a many-stringed, changeful lyre,
For dismay and despair we may often inspire.
We're essential to poets, to artists, musicians,
To all washerwomen and mathematicians ;
It required a Euclid to tell what we be,
Yet us at this moment, fair reader, you see.

Enigma No. 3.

I AM a native of many a land,
Of Norway's forests, of India's strand ;
And beautiful England's smiles and tears
Have ripened and watered my early years.
I am found near the lowliest cottage fire,
And I dwell in the solemn cathedral choir ;
The royal hall I am sure to grace,
And always in Parliament find a place ;
Around me oft gather the great of the land,
In front of the Queen I audaciously stand ;
And Arthur himself, in days of yore,
Owed half his renown to me or more.
As a quadruped oftenest I have been,
One-legged, or three-footed, or legless I'm seen.
The schoolboy I help through his hard calculation
When working a question in multiplication.
Since the era of Moses (who, truth to speak,
In a manner unfitting his character meek,
Most shamefully used me), till quite of late,
I've always been sober, and still, and sedate ;
But now I am playing such wondrous vagaries,
That whether Beelzebub, witches, or fairies,
Electric attraction, or galvanic power,
Have thus turned my head, up to this present hour,

140 *STREAMLETS OF SONG FOR THE YOUNG.*

The wisest and cleverest brains of the day,
Quite out of their depth, are unable to say.
In olden days to my care were confided
The laws by which monarchs and subjects were
 guided ;
The records of feats of chivalry,
Or of deeds of blood, were preserved by me ;
But now having leaves, though, alas ! no flower,
I bear what must pass in a single hour.

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ENIGMA No. 4.

141

Enigma No. 4.

Of a useful *whole* I'm the most useful part ;
I've a good circulation, for I've a heart ;
I have two or three garments or outer clothes ;
I am closely allied to a lip and nose ;
Rags, and parchments, and jewels rare,
Rubbish and treasures within me I bear ;
The tiniest leaf I produce I can nip
With a dexterous finger and thumb at my tip ;
Though I'm often as tall as a spire to view,
If you travel far I accompany you ;
I am the Indian's light canoe ;
To puzzle you more, I'm an aqueduct too ;
I'm part of a garment of olden time,
And part of a beast of a southern clime ;
And finally, now, to crown the whole,
I am your body, but not your soul !

Enigma No. 5.

A TERM for autumn leaves, when all their lovely tints are
fled ;

A mountain in Arabia, lifting high its rocky head ;
What witches and astrologers pretend they truly are ;

A state from which I greatly hope your conscience still
is far :

Those four are all alike, you'll see, in mere pronunciation,
But diverse in orthography and in signification.

Transpose the second, you will gain the title of a king,
And what you would be sure to do if he should enter in ;
Transpose the fourth, you'll see at once how ancient
warriors treated

The cities of the enemy, with passion overheated ;
Transpose the third, and lo ! the first will straightway be
revealed :

Now, reader, I shall like to see this mystery unsealed.

Enigma No. 6.

SEVENTEEN hundred and sixty yards,
A maiden's name and a term at cards,
A halting leg, something stronger than beer,
A river to many a student dear,
A fragrant tree, and a foreign fruit,
A government coach on a postal route,
Honiton, Brussels, or Valenciennes,
A spice preceding bishops and deans,
A sin of the tongue, and the stronger sex,
The state of the sea when no tempests vex,
What you look for three or four times a day,
What the Prince of Wales to the crown will lay,
Three Scripture names, and a region wide,
What an archer takes his shaft to guide :
With six little letters all these are framed ;
When each you have duly and rightly named,
They form what I hope you will never dare
Against friend or foe in your heart to bear.

Enigma No. 7.

If you get into me, I have no sort of doubt,
But that you will endeavour forthwith to get out ;
Behead me, and then I'm the lone widow's weeds ;
Behead me again, and I'm tiny round seeds ;
Repeat yet again the above operation,
And I am renowned for my quick imitation,
My mischievous habits, and horrid grimaces,
You're myself, if you practise unnatural graces.

Enigma No. 8.

WHAT was I? Such a clever friar,
 I barely 'scaped the witches' pyre ;
 Yet doth philosophy in me
 One of her bright admirers see ;
 And forms of classic beauty grew
 Beneath my hand to nature true ;
 Each wondrous magic lantern show
 To me the happy children owe ;
 With Schwartz contesting, I should mention
 The honour of his great invention.
 What am I? What you may despise,
 For I am little more than grease,
 And yet I am an annual prize
 For matrimonial love and peace.
 In every scrape or awkward plight
 I hope to save me you'll be able.
 I am the ploughboy's great delight,
 And often grace his Sunday table.
 From dreams of mire and sweet repose
 To streaky excellence I rose ;
 And, following still the chimney sweep,
 I learned to smoke instead of sleep.

Enigma No. 9.

IN fiery caverns was my glowing birth,
The great laboratories of the earth ;
Thence issuing, with devastating power,
Entombing cities in a single hour ;
The vineyards of bright Sicily have been
Of my o'erwhelming might too oft the dreary scene

Yet I encircle many a fair white arm,
Or holding ink and pens give no alarm ;
Though none may stay my incandescent course
Till Neptune doth oppose his briny force.
Mysterious child of subterranean fires,
Strange relics I preserve of fair Italia's sires.

Enigma No. 10.

THE royal sun with his orbèd flame
 To be myself I modestly claim ;
 And yet, though strange, it is perfectly true,
 I am at this moment within your shoe.
 Have you a delicate hand to show ?
 Its symmetry partly to me you owe ;
 And I cannot think how you can possibly see
 If deprived in another part of me.
 The ancient dame, with her spectacled nose,
 By my strange contortions I often nose,
 As I glide away from her busy hand
 To rejoice the juvenile feline band.
 I am a being of direful power,
 And many I haste to their last dread hour ;
 Yet the tiny child on his feeble feet
 Is gladdened and charmed by my motions fleet.
 I am said to whistle, though not to sing ;
 Merriment often to hundreds I bring.
 On due inquiry, I think you will find
 That twenty people in me have dined ;
 Yet when at dinner you take your seat
 I'm sometimes the very first thing you eat.
 Who patronize me ? The college youth,
 Loving me better than books in truth ;

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148 *STREAMLETS OF SONG FOR THE YOUNG.*

The friends of science, the friends of strife,
The duellist seeking his fellow's life ;
Of sharpers and blacklegs not a few,
Equine doctors frequently too ;
The conjuror showing his skilful tricks,
In the list the graceful and fair we mix ;
And last, not least, our gracious Queen
My patroness certainly ever hath been.

Enigma No. 11.

I AM a reward, and a punishment too,
What you may give, and what you may do,
Animal, mineral, both I may be,
Vegetable oftenest perhaps of the three.
Once I know, as the story goes,
I was the cause of a bridegroom's woes ;
But often since I have dimmed the life
Of a wearily-sighing neglected wife.
Never a court without me was seen,
Never a vestry either, I ween ;
Never a coach, and never a train,
Tho' sometimes a hindrance the latter to gain.
Famous I am for a long dark way,
Dismal as night in the brightest day.
From the depths of my bosom may rise and float
Many a soft and melodious note.
Why should ye marvel? The rich and fair,
The gay and gorgeous are often there.
Wherever the sweetest of sounds go forth
Through the radiant south or the dreary north,
A tale of me will be surely told,
Or false were the words of a prophecy old.
A little one longs to begin to do good,
I sometimes help it and always could ;

Yet the hardened man and the cruel boy
 May find in me a savage joy.
 Give me, and oh, what a monster you'll be ;
 Refuse me, "was e'er such a niggard as he ?"
 Hire me, then you are rich, I conclude ;
 Mount me, and then you may view and be viewed ;
 Open me, perhaps you are even a thief,
 Perhaps 'twas by way of consoling your grief ;
 Plant me, I see you are neat in your taste ;
 Enter me—nervousness, flurry, and haste
 Won't at all suit, so I pray you take heed,
 Or counsel will into me put you indeed.

Enigma No. 12.

LIVES there a poet, old or young,
Who has not sung my praise ?
For ever silent be his tongue,
Forgotten be his lays !

I have a father dark and stern,
A daughter bright and gay ;
I weep upon his funeral urn,
I die beneath her sway.

And yet that father binds me fast,
Hushing my low sweet voice ;
That daughter sets me free at last,
And bids me still rejoice.

Deceitful I am said to be,
A thing of treacherous smiles,
And many meet their end in me,
Wrecked by my sunny wiles.

Yet health and cure 'tis mine to give
To many a sickly frame ;
An antelope of Africa
Usurps my well-known name.

I'm born beneath the cold hard ground,
Yet life and joy I bring,
With song and mirth to all around,
Upon my emerald wing.

I help to measure Time's swift flight ;
Tide has to do with me ;
In guns and traps behold my might ;
O say what can I be ?

Enigma No. 13.

THAT I'm very well known to all metaphysicians 'tis true,
Whose brains I attempted to clear, being one of the crew;
A secret of wonderful power in me was concealed,
Which firstly by love, but by treachery next was revealed;
I never am mentioned as living, though oft in the city,
When said to be dead, much impatience I rouse, but no
pity;

To some navigation I lend indispensable hand,
Yet I'm not of the slightest utility saving inland.
I frequently act as a guardian, though I must own
My wards to attain their majority never were known;
The brow of the maiden to me owes the half of its charms,
And yet, strange to say, I'm a part of death-dealing
firearms.

I've a slim coadjutor, who with me my secret possesses,
My master he is, for he knows all my inmost recesses;
My safety and faithfulness vanish if once one can gain
him,
Yet I'm perfectly useless without him, so prithee retain
him.

The apple Eve gathered was never supposed to be me,
And yet if you pick me, beware of the powers that be;
By a figure of speech I'm said to be silver or golden,
Though to metals far baser I really am much more be-
holden.

Of loved ones far distant I'm often the fondly kept token,
Memorial and echo of harpstrings which death had long
broken.

Enigma No. 14.

I MAY be tall, and slender, and round,
Or perfectly square, and as flat as the ground ;
No edifice ever without me is raised,
And yet, when 'tis finished, I never am praised.

The bears themselves, with a grim delight,
Hail me as an old acquaintance quite ;
And a smaller quadruped lays its claim
With a feline addition to bear my name.

Glow there a heart in the English breast
Which beats for the injured and long oppressed ?
At the thought of me it will rise and swell ;
For each free-souled patriot knows me well.

Where may you find me? In sunny Kent,
Where the hop-pickers sing, while on labour intent ;
Or in realms of ice and eternal snow,
Neath the gorgeous aurora's crimson glow.

In celestial regions I'm certainly found,
And wherever on earth there's an acre of ground ;
Where his lordship's chariot proudly speeds,
I ever am close to the high-bred steeds.

I have stood very near to the triple crown,
Yet I'm seen in the back streets of every town ;
On the festal day of a short-lived queen
The chief attraction I've ever been.

Attraction, said I? You little know
How much to my power of attraction you owe !
All the gold, and the pearls, the silk, sugar, and tea,
That are borne to your homes o'er the pathless sea.

I may quietly stand by your drawing-room fire,
Bearing a comfort you often desire !
Or stretch my bold arm o'er the surging wave,
Some wretch from its billowy depths to save.

Enigma No. 15.

WHERE will ye seek me? The Andes rise
Silently grand beneath tropical skies;
And far Himalaya's crowns of snow
Gleam o'er the burning plains below;
I dwell with each, for the mountain air
Certainly suits me everywhere.
Know ye the silent and death-like realm,
Where winter hath donned his glassy helm,
And conquering rules o'er land and sea?
Beneath his throne is the home for me.
Ye may seek in the gay and brilliant throng,
Where the hours fleet by in dance and song;
There, martyr-like, I'm sure to be,
Though to venture there may be death to me.
Yet I'm never afraid of catching cold
(Like some young ladies), however bold.
'Tis a wonder my mother should let me go,
But she is remarkably yielding, I know;
And many who tried us both can say,
She yields directly when I give way.
My character's quite the more solid, I state,
But she is a person of greater weight.
Though never convicted of any crime,
'Tis perfectly true that, for months at a time,

I am starved in a dungeon all damp and bare,
With hardly the half of a prisoner's fare.
I'm rather a traveller, I may tell,
And know the Atlantic routes quite well ;
Sometimes on my own account I go,
Sometimes whether I will or no.
When will ye seek me ? The sultry glow
Of a summer noon is the time, I trow,
When the burning pavement and dusty street
Make you long for a rest for your aching feet.
I have done in my time some wonderful things :
Have been made the dwelling-place of kings ;
Have baffled the general's proud careering ;
Have outdone Stephenson's engineering.
I nevertheless can condescend
To Monsieur Soyer my aid to lend ;
Or, better still, can bring mirth and joy
To the heart of the sturdy village boy.

Enigma No. 16.

PRIMEVAL woods my parents' birth
Beheld, where no loud axe was heard,
Where through a solitary earth
No voice the leafy echoes stirred ;
But I was born in gloominess profound,
In sable swaddling clothes the child of light was bound.

Released at length by human skill
From long confinement, forth I sped,
And in each city's highway still
I linger far beneath your tread ;
Though there are times when, grovelling thus no more,
Beyond the clouds of earth, a prisoner still, I soar.

No eye my subtle form may see,
Till, coming forth to light,
A slow consumption wasteth me
In man's unpitying sight.
Yet when from durance vile I swift escape,
All feel my baleful presence, though none see my shape.

I smile upon the giddy scene
Of mirth, and revelry, and song ;
Yet in the sacred courts have been
Devotion's handmaid long ;
With darkness waging constant strife and sure,
I ever shun the day-beams though so bright and pure.

Though none have ever heard my voice,
Yet words of gladness traced in me
Have bid full many a heart rejoice,
When England's flag waved high and free ;
And with the song of victory sweetly blended
The full deep hymn of praise that war's dark storm
was ended.

Enigma No. 18.

I AM the child of the brightest thing
Which may gladden mortal eyes ;
Yet the silent sweep of my dusky wing
Over my mother may dimness fling,
And smiling she faints and dies.

I move, I dance, I fall, I fly,
Ye anon I may calmly sleep ;
I mark the bright-winged hours flit by,
Your ingenuity perhaps I try ;
I am long, or short, or deep.

I have been hailed as a boon untold,
Or dreaded and shunned ere now ;
The earth in my wide embrace I fold,
The mountain regions are my stronghold,
Yet I steadily follow the plough.

I may rest awhile in the minster pile,
Or beneath the old oak tree ;
Often with trackless step I pass
O'er the whispering corn and the waving grass,
Or tread the changeful sea.

All the day through I follow you,
Yet beware how you follow me ;
For each child of man I may oft beguile,
And cloud the light of his sunniest smile,
Till for ever away I flee.

Enigma No. 18.

YE have seen me in the skies,
Yet beneath the ground I rise ;
Sometimes far above your head,
Sometimes deep below your tread.

Where the forest boughs entwine,
Baffling still the gay sunshine ;
Gaze aloft, and you will see
In myself their tracery.

Laughing eye and dimpling smile,
May be even me awhile ;
Playful words, like javelins thrown,
As myself you often own.

Many a sunny stream ye trace,
Rippling in my calm embrace ;
Still I watch the secret shrine
Of the rich and ruddy wine.

Nave, and choir, and aisle, I trow
All to me their glories owe
Even a seraph form by me
Greater, fairer yet may be.

Many a loved one may be laid
In my sadly solemn shade ;
On your brow I now may dwell,
While your lips my name will tell.

Enigma No. 19.

SAY, know ye not the pilgrim band,
Who wander far and wide,
And greeting find in every land,
Wherever they abide?

They meet full many a friend I wot,
Who fain would have them stay;
To such they cling, and leave them not,
Yet still go on their way.

Each bears a staff and often twain,
And need they many a rest;
The oldest oft seems young again,
And perhaps we love them best.

They speak a language passing sweet,
With heart-lore richly fraught;
But oh! to some they daily meet
Their eloquence is nought.

Yet strange the laws their speech obeys;
Who drink its mystic tone
May find within each simplest phrase
A meaning all their own,

DUNG.

ENIGMA No. 19.

163

Some deem they tell of long past years,
When they were girls and boys ;
Some only hear of bygone tears,
And some of present joys.

Some hear them speak of One who sènt
That welcome pilgrim band,
And bless the love that freely lent
Such boon to every land.

ot,

ys ;

Enigma No. 20.

OH, haughty Thebes ! in shadowy days of yore,
Where history faintly blends with mythologic lore,
I was thy hidden terror, yet revealed,
I traced a stain of woe upon thy glittering shield.

Fair Palestine ! I was put forth in thee
Amid a scene of gay festivity ;
Yet brought by me, a sullen frown, I ween,
Was on the brow of my originator seen.

'Tis mine to give thee strange and needless toil,
For Gordian knots I weave in many a tangled coil ;
I shun publicity, for I declare
That if you speak my name, I vanish into air.

yore,
gic lore,
shield.

s toil,
led coil ;
air.

Enigma No. 21.

THOUGH constantly we're in the mire,
We shine and sparkle with our fire ;
Part of the verb "to speak" we need,
And yet no words from us proceed.
The annals of the Inquisition
Reveal too well our awful mission ;
In what they call the "good old days,"
Our patronesses won high praise.
It is our business to convey
Men, beasts, and chattels day by day ;
You often bear us near your heart,
And would be loth from us to part.
Though never weary with our speed,
Full often we are tired indeed ;
A tribe of insects, most minute,
Receive from us a name to suit.
Long since we used to condescend
Our aid in cookery to lend.
We guide the vessel in its course,
And multiply your puny force.

Charade No. 1.

THE veiling shades of night departed,
On Lebanon's heights was a rosy glow,
When the serried ranks of the Lion-hearted
Prepared for my *first* at the Moslem foe.
A voice was heard, like a clarion proud,
Forth, forth to battle, to glory go !
To my lovely *second* I solemnly vowed
To crush the insolent Moslem foe.
And forth they went, but the voice was stilled ;
A stroke of my *whole* had laid him low ;
By other hands was the vow fulfilled,
For they tamed the pride of the Moslem foe.

Charade No. 2.

FROM his ruby pavilion Phoebus arose,
And looked down from his shining *first*,
And the earth at his glance, from her calm repose
Into beauty and gladness burst ;
But the clouds of sorrow he could not chase,
Nor the gleaming tears upon Katie's face.

On a merry ride to the busy town
In my *first* she too surely had reckoned,
Disappointed and angry she flung herself down
On my *whole*, but alas ! in my *second* ;
So I told her, my *second* you never can be
While such haughty tempers so often I see.

Charade, No. 3.

My *first* gleams bright 'mid azure shields,
On rich emblazoned argent fields.
If you too often use my *second*,
An egotist you will be reckoned.
My *third*, it is a battle-cry ;
And be it yours in every high,
And good, and noble end and aim ;
As such it is the road to fame.
My belted *whole* you may descry
Illumining the southern sky.

Charade No. 4.

HURRAH for merry England !
For good Saint George, hurrah !
For Richard of the Lion Heart,
The noble and the gay,
Returns from long captivity,
And 'tis a festal day.

With chivalry and minstrelsy
The hours shall speed along,
Where meet the beauteous and the brave,
The gentle and the strong.
(I would my *first* had gazed upon
The gladly loyal throng.)

The warriors of Palestine
Who led my *second* well,
When on the ranks of Saladin
Like avalanche they fell,
Now in the tournament alone
A fancied foe repel.

The Saxon serf may lay aside,
His clumsy *third*, I trow,
And leave it in the silent field
With cool and sweatless brow ;
For what has he to do to-day
With weary spade and plough ?

But who is he, the Saxon youth,
With royal Saxon bride,
Who Saracen and Templar hath
Successfully defied?
He is my famous *whole*, I ween,
The valiant and the tried.

Charade No. 5.

My *second* could never produce my *first*,
Though its opposite frequently may ;
'Tis a thing that's trampled upon and cursed,
So tell me its name, I pray.

In my *whole* both my *second* and *first* you would see,
With more of the latter than pleasant ;
A treat I consider this latter to be,
Though, like all earthly good, evanescent.

Above my *second* 'tis commonly borne,
Though carefully kept below it ;
Full many a home it has caused to mourn,
And the newspaper accidents show it.

When my *second* is looking its dullest and worst,
And my *whole* must be dreary indeed,
Like a hard-hearted tyrant comes forth my *first*,
With whom it were vain to plead.

Charade No. 6.

WHERE the tall pine-forest made
Deepest, darkest, holiest shade,
Came Nesota, sorrow-laden,
She, the lovely Indian maiden.
Came, ere she had waited long,
Karand, the swift, the strong ;
He, who bowed to nought beside,
Bent to her in lowly pride ;
Bent, until his lofty brow,
Loftiest of the tribes around,
Touched the greensward hallowed now,
Where her *first* had kissed the ground.

“ Karand ! arise and fly !
Hands of power and wrath are nigh ;
From thy side shall I be driven,
Like a willow lightning-riven.
Karand, ere thou depart,
Lay this *second* on thy heart,
Token of Nesota's love,
From thy own, thy stricken dove.”
Trembling in his hand she laid
My shining *second*, then farewell !
She is gone through bush and glade,
Fleetly as a wild gazelle.

Karand, the swift, the strong,
Baffles all pursuers long,
Till the moon is on the wane ;
Then a red deer they have slain.
To the treacherous banquet led,
When the new moon's feast is spread,
They have mingled in his bowl,
Secretly, my deadly *whole*.
Karand hath found repose
Where my *whole* doth darkly wave,
And the tall pine-forests close
O'er Nesota's quiet grave.

Cbarade No. 7.

My *whole* the poet of flood and fell,
Of valley and breezy hill,
Has passed from the scenes he loved so well,
And none his place may fill.
In his *first*, with their simple and childlike grace,
Of his *second* an index all may trace.

Charade No. 8.

Soon the hour of dawn shall pass,
Clear and loud the lark is singing ;
Swiftly through the waving grass,
Now my bright-eyed *first* is springing.

Down the still and shadowy dale
Floats my *second*, sweetly telling,
"Morning lifts her misty veil,
Spectral darkness soon dispelling."

Far remote from beaten way,
Now my dewy *whole* is bending ;
And where summer breezes play,
Sweetness to their breath is lending.

Charade No. 9.

DISTANT from the noisy town
Sits my *first* and *next* alone,
In my ivy-wreathen *whole*,
Loved and blessed by many a soul.

More than on my *first*, I ween,
With his brethren he hath been ;
But my *third* hath touched his brow,
And he waits in silence now ;

Hoping soon to see the day
When his *second*, far away,
May replace his trembling voice,
This shall make his *third* rejoice.

Charade No. 10.

My *first* dwells in the torrid zone,
Its beauty and its boon,
Yet this the Esquimaux must own
Beneath an Arctic moon.

He who would do it is untrue ;
Though all in every land
To bear it off in strife desire,
It always is at hand.

My *first* and *next*, in days of yore,
Went forth in lowly guise ;
A staff was theirs, but little store
Of what the world would prize.

Yet one, alas ! in later days,
With murder on his brow,
Revealed how far in guilty ways
A child of earth may go.

My *last* I think you'll quickly name
In half a minute more ;
Are twenty hundreds quite the same
As just a hundred score ?

178 *STREAMLETS OF SONG FOR THE YOUNG.*

For if you say what each would be,
The name you will have got ;
And yet reversing, you will see
That surely it is *not*.

My *whole* I leave without debate,
For 'tis not woman's mission
To criticise the wise and great,
And play the politician.

Charade No. 11.

AWAKE, ye sleepers !
My *first* hath sung his loud reveille,
And wakened through the glistening dale
The early reapers.

Why will ye linger ?
Is it no *second* that ye hear
The morning hymn, so glad and clear,
Of that wise singer ?

Come forth, nor tarry !
And track the busy-wingèd bee,
Who from my *whole* right joyously
Sweet spoil doth carry.

Charade No. 12.

My *first* had spread her darksome wing
O'er all the loveliness of spring ;
My *third* arose with mournful wail,
The young leaves told their first sad tale,
The old oak groaned, the flowerets sighed,
The hawthorn bloom was scattered wide ;
But ere my gloomy *first* had passed,
When silent was my *third* at last,
My *whole* awoke the moonlight dell
To list the sweet tale she could tell,
Then mingled in strange harmony,
Silence and sweetest melody.
"Your *second*, why such strange omission?"
'Tis but a tiny preposition.

Charade No. 13.

ARISE, my *first* ! in peerless radiance beaming,
A veil of glory thou dost weave for earth :
The ocean waves to welcome thee are gleaming,
For thou alone to beauty givest birth.

Shine forth, my *second* ! freshly now is flowing
The busy stream of life, and labour too ;
Each heart with ardour, base or noble, glowing,
Till thou shalt close, arresting all they do.

All hail, my *whole* ! thou comest with rich pleasure,
An angel from the land of pure delight,
The great man's blessing, and the poor man's treasure,
Our earnest of the day which knows no night.

Charade No. 14.

HEARD ye the long, low roar
Blend with the sea-mew's cry?
Saw ye the nearing shore
Where the white foam-wreaths lie?
O wait, seaman, wait while the tempest shall last,
For my *first* is a danger thou hast not passed.

How shall the seaman wait?
There stands his white-walled home,
From its blithely opened gate
Never more need he roam.
My *second* he brings from a distant realm,
And leaves he for ever the weary helm.

On! for the tide ebbs fast!
On! for the night grows dark,
But the cold wave-arms are cast
Round the seaman's sinking bark.
He makes my *whole* with the angry sea,
Thine be the gold, so my life go free!

Charade No. 15.

My *whole* is but a species of my *third*,
Yet has my *third* no right to such a name,
Unless my *first* and *second* form a word
To which he lays an undisputed claim.
But if my *whole* renounce my *first* and *second*,
My *first* indeed he may but not my *whole* be reckoned.

Charade No. 16.

THE all-victorious Roman
Hath raised his eagles high,
The Carthaginian foeman
Right proudly to defy.

Forth marched in noble daring
The leader of the day,
A mighty *second* bearing
In all the stern affray.

Ye glorious ranks, assemble !
"Push on, my *first*," he cried,
"And soon their *whole* shall tremble,
And crushed shall be their pride."

Charade No. 17.

ENTER my *first* with a studied grace,
 Conceit in his head, and a smirk on his face ;
 Of fashion he deems himself quite the top,
 And he's scented like any perfumer's shop ;
 So among the ladies he's surely reckoned,
 For the evening at least, to be quite my *second*.
 But oh ! what a fall for the brilliant star !
 A lady's whisper is heard too far :
 "Of all the flowers that ever were,
 The only one I to him compare,
 Is my scentless *whole*, with its gaudy starc."
 Not quite rightly spelt, but comparison rare.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

—o—

	PAGE
A FEW months ago,	11
A happy New Year! Oh, such may it be!	39
A term for autumn leaves when all their lovely tints are fled,	142
A whimsical set we must often seem,	138
An army of Cyclops, fair reader, are we,	137
Arise, my <i>first</i> ! in peerless radiance beaming,	181
Awake, ye sleepers!	179
 BEGIN at once! In the pleasant days,	 37
Blessings on thee, darling boy!	59
Buds and bells! Sweet April pleasures,	14
 COME away, come away, in the dawn of May,	 46
 DARLING boy,	 35
Did I tell you how we went to tea,	29
Distant from the noisy town,	176
Do the angels know the blessed day,	54
 ENTER my <i>first</i> , with a studied grace,	 185
Every little flower that grows,	33
 FAR off upon a western shore,	 103
From his ruby pavilion Phœbus arose,	167



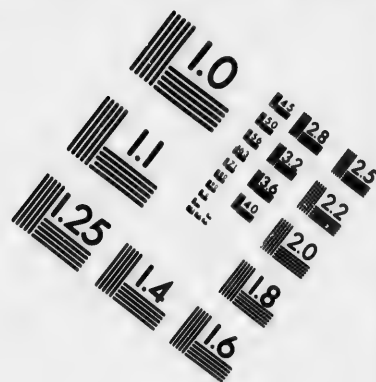
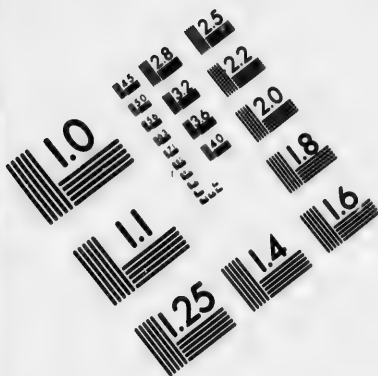
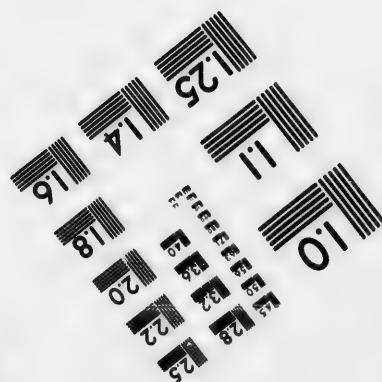
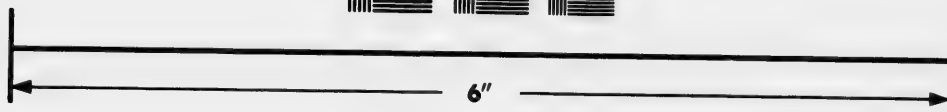
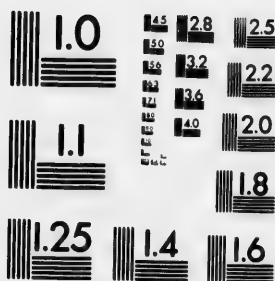


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GOD of heaven ! hear our singing,	PAGE
Golden harps are sounding,	26
	48
HE stood upon the fiery deck,	
Heard ye the long, long roar,	92
Here beginneth—chapter the first of a series,	182
Hurrah for merry England !	87
	169
I AM a native of many a land,	
I am a reward, and a punishment too,	139
I am the child of the brightest thing,	149
I may be tall, and slender, and round,	160
"I thought I knew it," she said,	154
If you get into me, I have no sort of doubt,	84
In fiery caverns was my glowing birth,	144
It was Easter Monday morning,	146
	112
JESUS, blessed Saviour,	
Jesus came !—and came for me !	40
	54
KNOWING that the God on high,	
	83
LEANING over the waterfall !	
Lives there a poet, old or young,	89
Lord, I am in Thy house of prayer,	151
Lord, in mercy pardon me,	24
Love would strew upon thy way,	23
	56
MANY a happy year be thine,	
Many and happy thy birthdays be !	55
May the tale the years are telling,	55
My <i>first</i> dwells in the torrid zone,	55
My <i>first</i> gleams bright 'mid azure shields,	177
My <i>first</i> had spread her darksome wing,	168
My <i>second</i> could never produce my <i>first</i> ,	180
My <i>whole</i> is but a species of my <i>third</i> ,	171
My <i>whole</i> the poet of flood and fell,	183
	174
NOT long ago the moon was dark,	
Now let us sing the Angels' Song,	17
Now the light has gone away,	52
	25

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

189

PAGE

26

48

92

182

87

169

139

149

160

154

84

144

146

112

40

54

83

89

151

24

23

56

55

55

177

168

180

171

183

174

17

52

25

O HASTE, O haste to the fields away !	PAGE
O sweet Sabbath belis !	44
Of a useful <i>whole</i> I'm the most useful <i>part</i> ,	22
Oh, children of England beyond the blue sea,	141
Oh, haughty Thebes ! In shadowy days of yore,	108
Oh, let thy heart make melody,	164
Only just a line to say,	54
Out in the midsummer sunshine,	57
	65

PRIMEVAL woods my parents' birth,	158
---	-----

READ to him, Connie, read as you sit,	67
---	----

SADLY bend the flowers,	21
Say, know ye not the pilgrim band,	162
Seventeen hundred and sixty yards,	143
She stood by the western window,	118
So it has come to you, dear,	94
"Something to do, mamma, something to do !"	96
Soon the hour of dawn shall pass,	175
Sybil, my little one, come away,	50

THAT I'm very well known to all metaphysicians 'tis true,	153
The all-victorious Roman,	184
The golden gates were opening,	80
The golden glow is paling,	18
The lessons are done, and the prizes won,	78
The royal sun with his orb'd flame,	147
The Sabbath morn dawns o'er the mountain brow,	75
The Severn flow is soft and fair,	73
The stars die out, and the moon grows dim,	122
The sun is burning, O little maiden,	71
The Sunbeams came to my window,	63
The veiling shades of night departed,	166
They said their texts, and their hymns they sang,	27
They tell me that my little tree,	15
Though constantly we're in the mire,	165
Tiny feet so busy in a tiny patter out of sight,	69

WE have heard the call from your fair green Isle,	110
---	-----

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

What do we seek for him to-day,	PAGE
What was I? Such a clever friar,	61
Where the tall pine-forest made,	145
Where will ye seek me? The Andes rise,	172
"Who will take care of me!" darling, you say,	156
Will you come out and see,	20
	16
YE have seen me in the skies,	161
Yes, take the greenery away,	42

J

PAGE

61

145

172

156

20

16

161

42